



ALL NEW The



# FLINTSTONES

a Hanna-Barbera and PEBBLES Production

ONLY  
20¢

NO. 18  
NOV.  
CDC

THE FLINTSTONES & PEBBLES



RAY  
DIRGO

00748



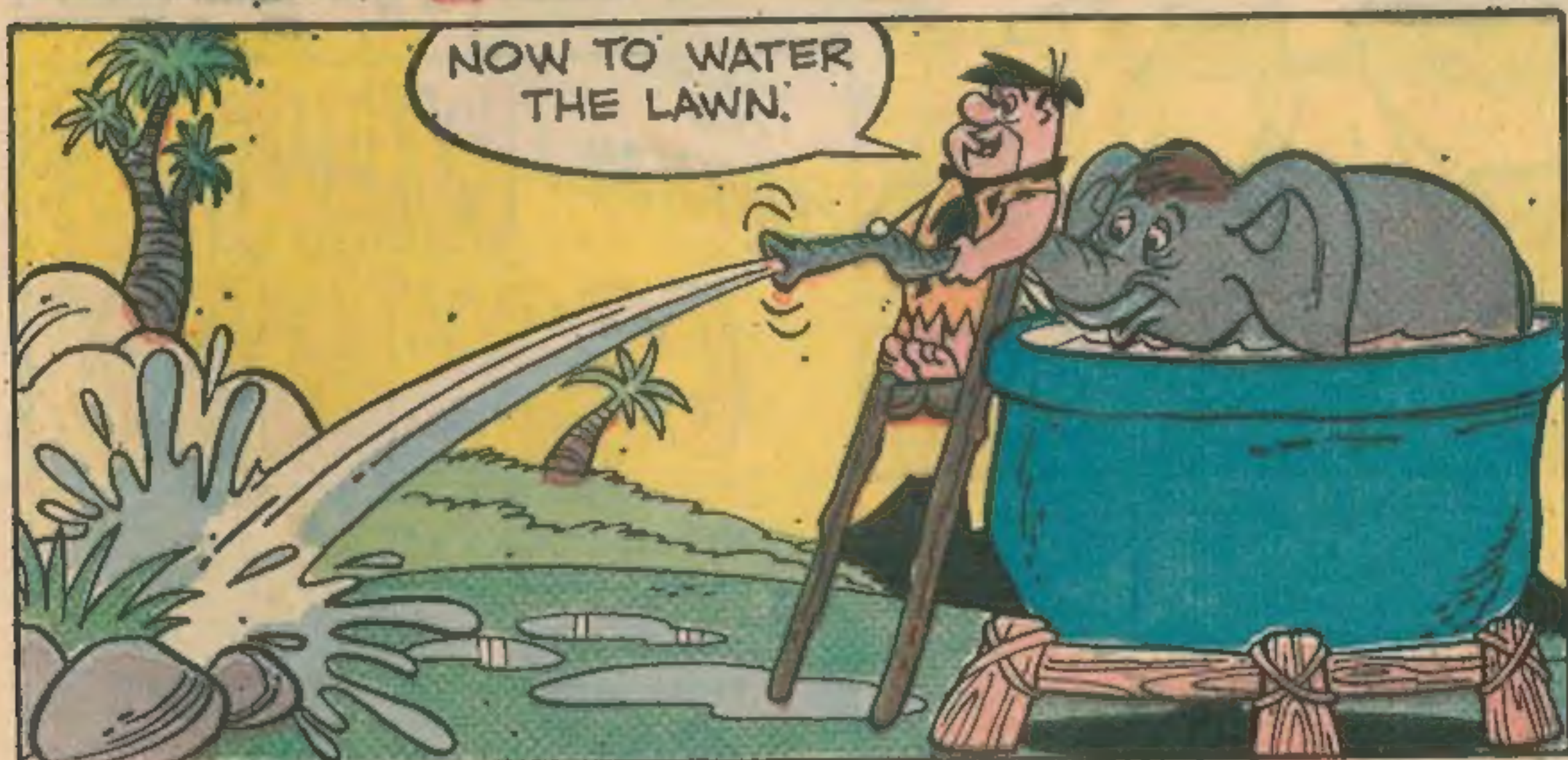


THE FLINTSTONES Vol. 3, No. 18, November, 1972, published every six weeks by Charlton Press, Inc., at Charlton Building, Division St., Derby, Conn. 06418. Second class postage paid at Derby, Conn. 06418. 20¢ per copy. Subscription \$1.60 annually. Printed in U.S.A. Geo. Wildman, Managing Editor. The stories, characters and incidents portrayed in this periodical are entirely fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended. This magazine has been produced and sold subject to the restrictions that it shall only be resold at retail as published and at full cover price. It is a violation of these stipulations for this magazine to be offered for sale by any vendor in a mutilated condition, or at less than full cover price.

©1972, HANNA-BARBERA PRODUCTIONS, INC.

International copyright secured. All rights reserved.

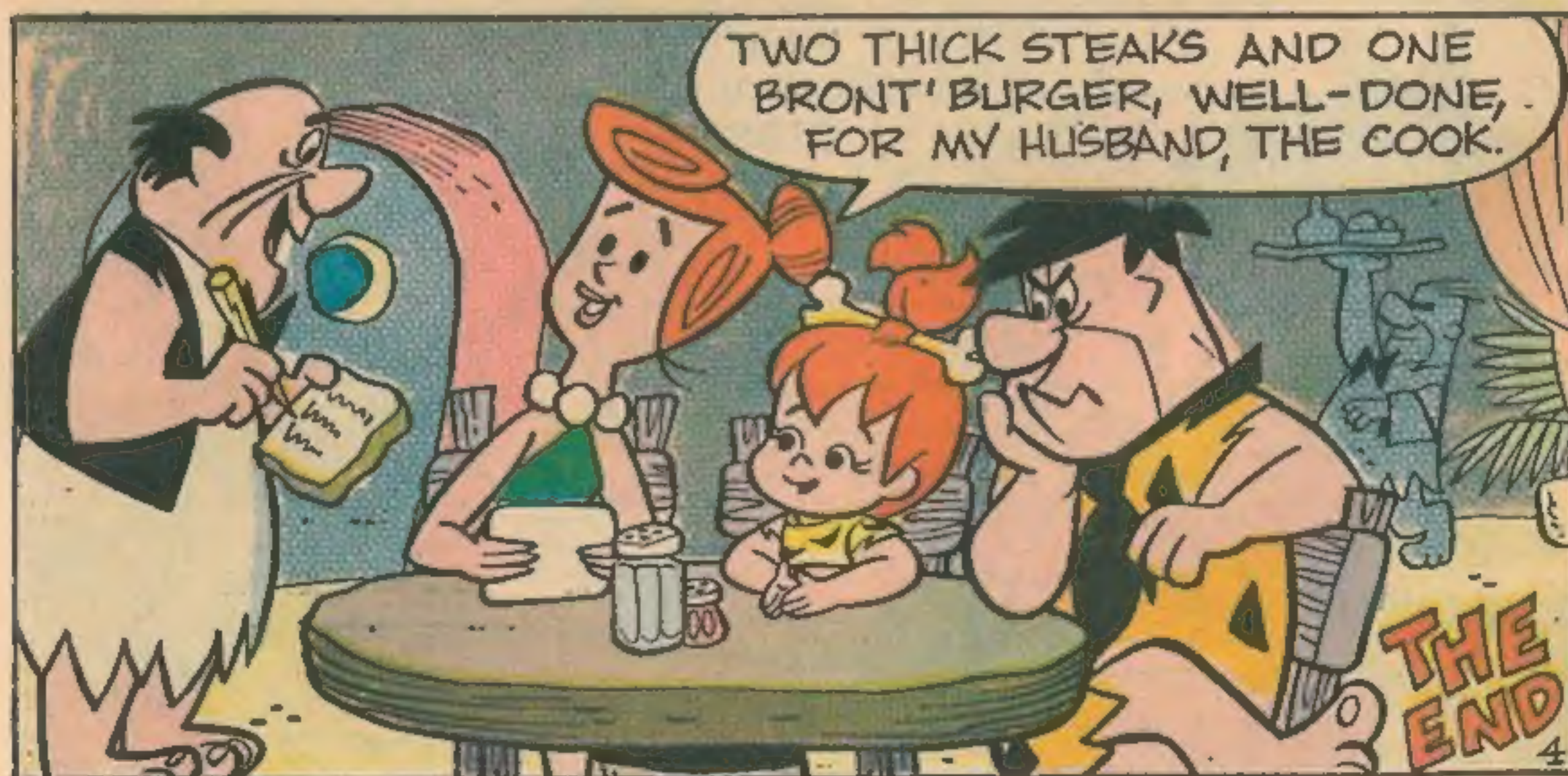






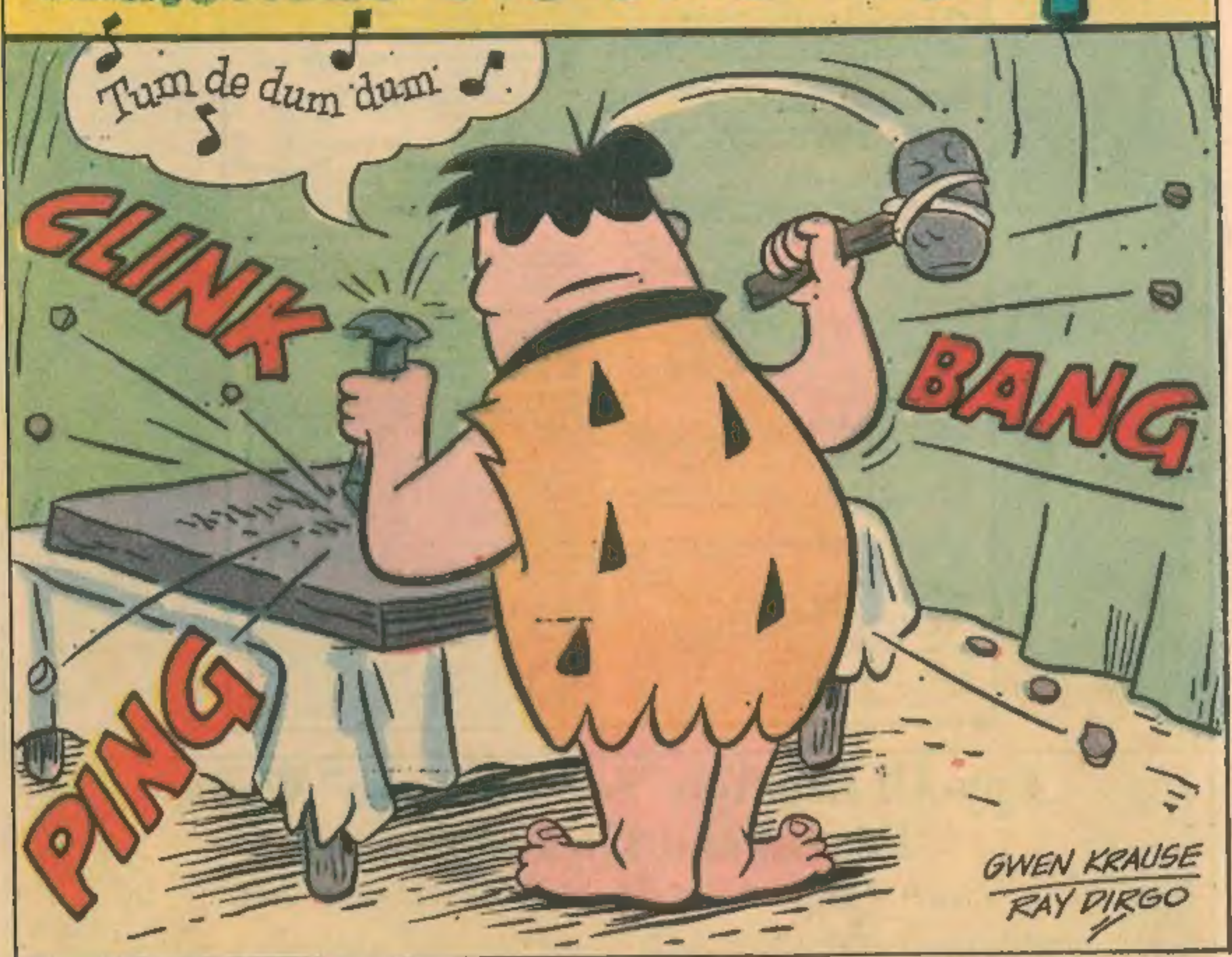








# The FLINTSTONES In the Chips





I FEEL IT IN MY BONES, OUR NAME WILL BE FAMOUS, MY WORK WILL BE PUBLISHED AND THE NAME **FLINTSTONE** WILL BECOME AN EVERYDAY HOUSEHOLD WORD!



HMMM, I WONDER WHAT IT WILL BE THIS TIME... DISGRACE, EMBARRASSMENT OR DISASTER!

Tum de dum dum.

CLINK



HI, WILMA, WHAT'S COOKIN'?

I AM, BETTY, I'M **BOILING** MAD!

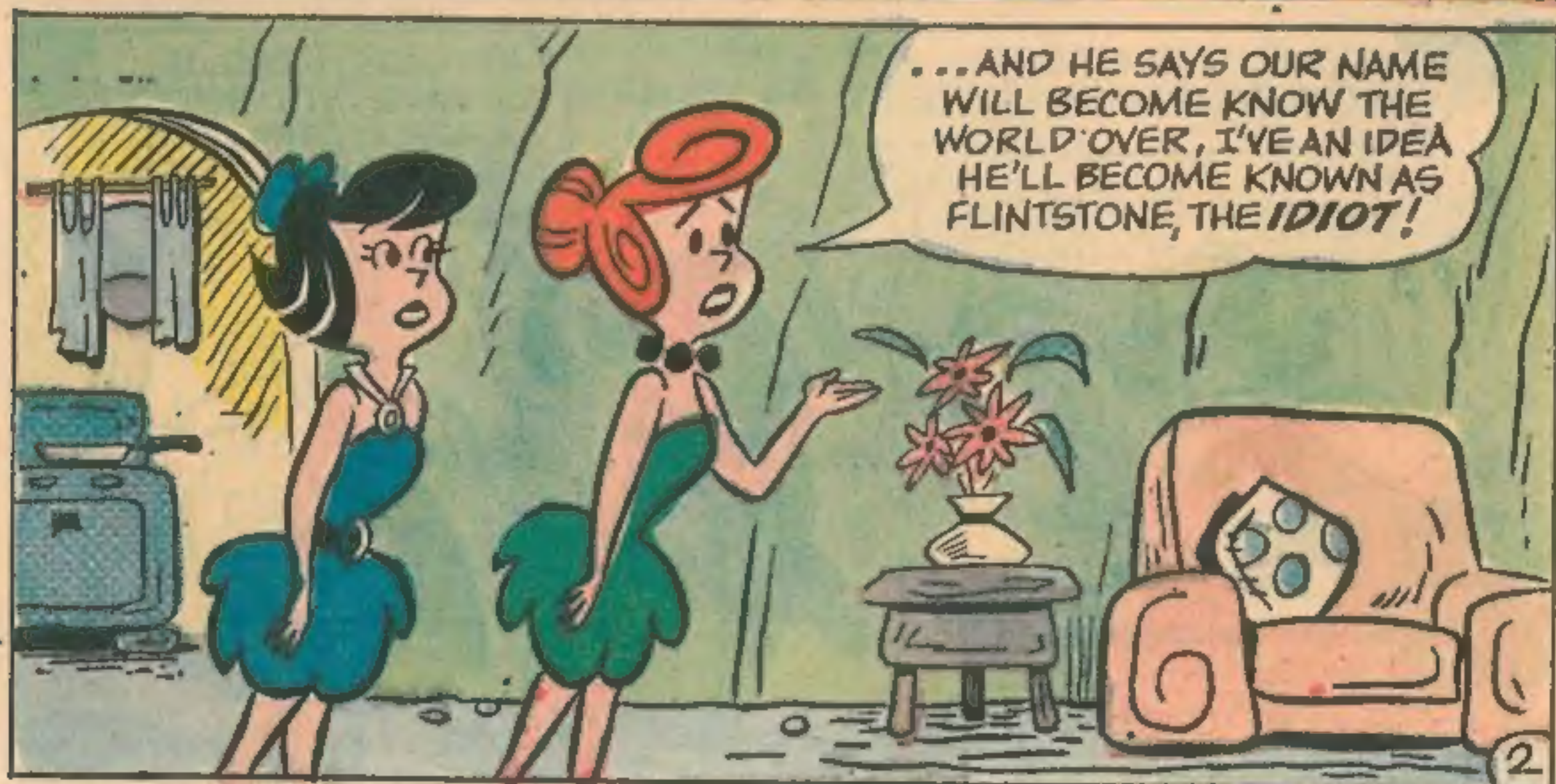


OH NO, FRED MUST BE UP TO SOMETHING AGAIN! WHAT IS IT THIS TIME, WILMA?

CLINK



...AND HE SAYS OUR NAME WILL BECOME KNOWN THE WORLD OVER, I'VE AN IDEA HE'LL BECOME KNOWN AS **FLINTSTONE, THE IDIOT!**







END



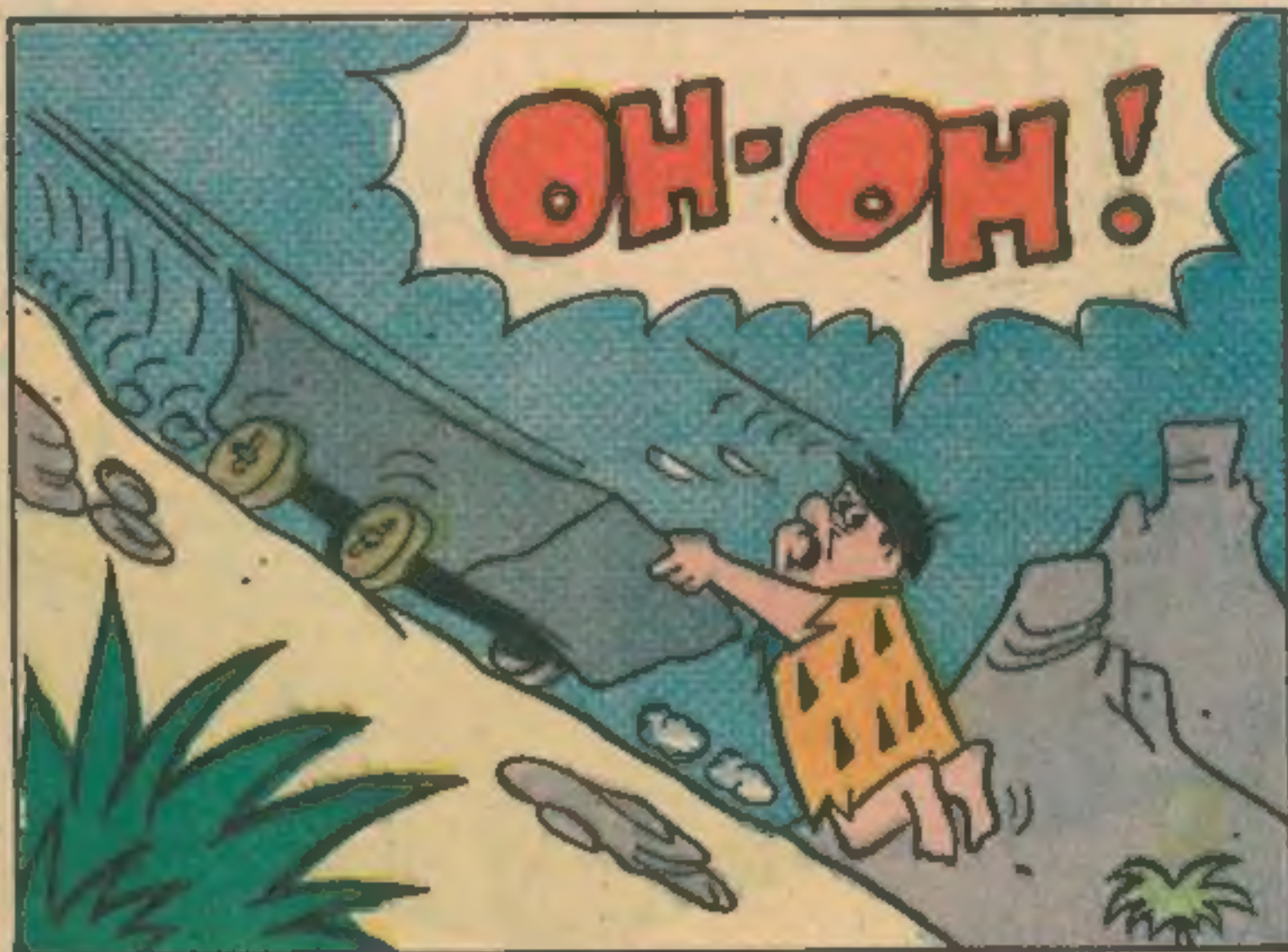
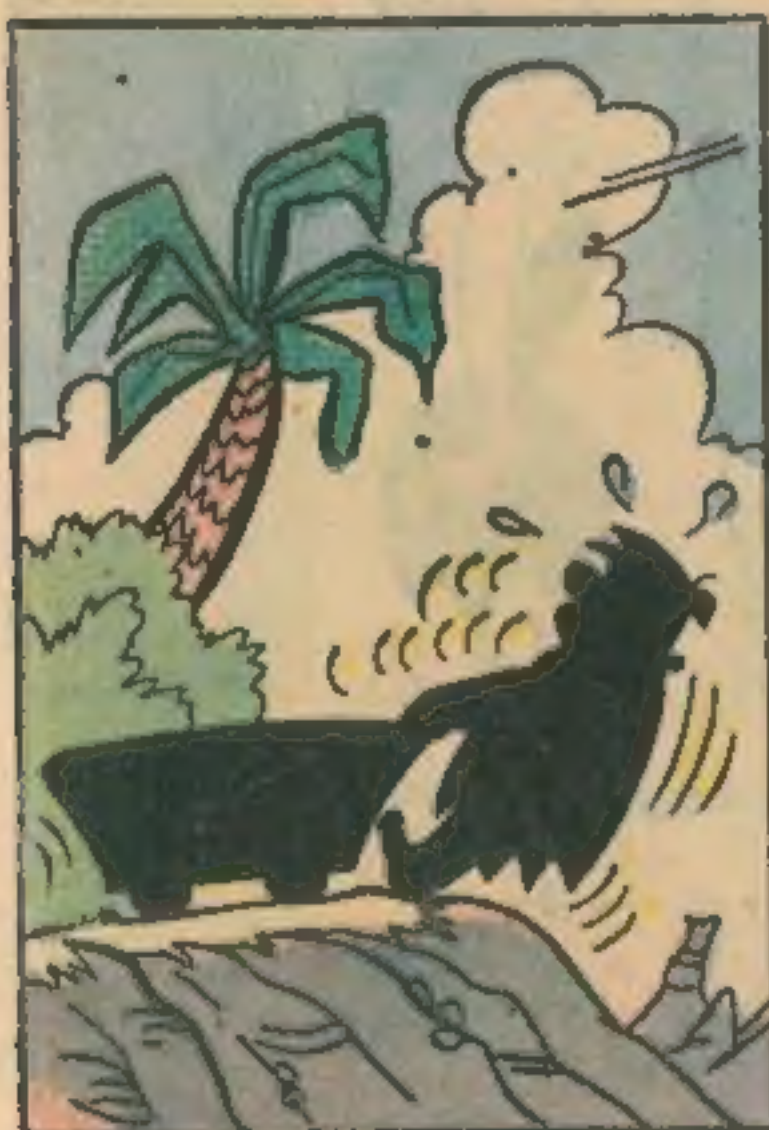
The  
**FLINTSTONES**

in

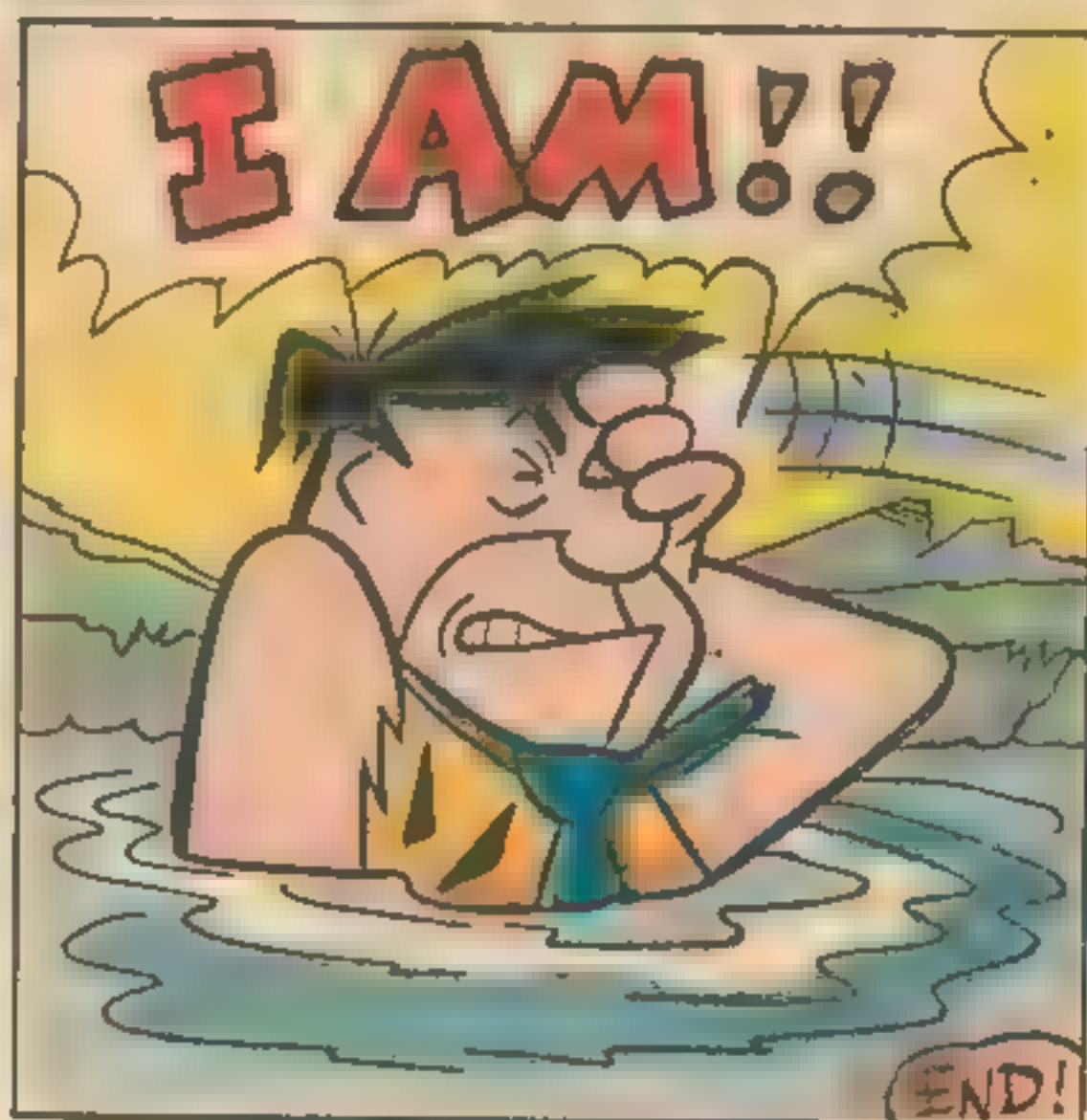
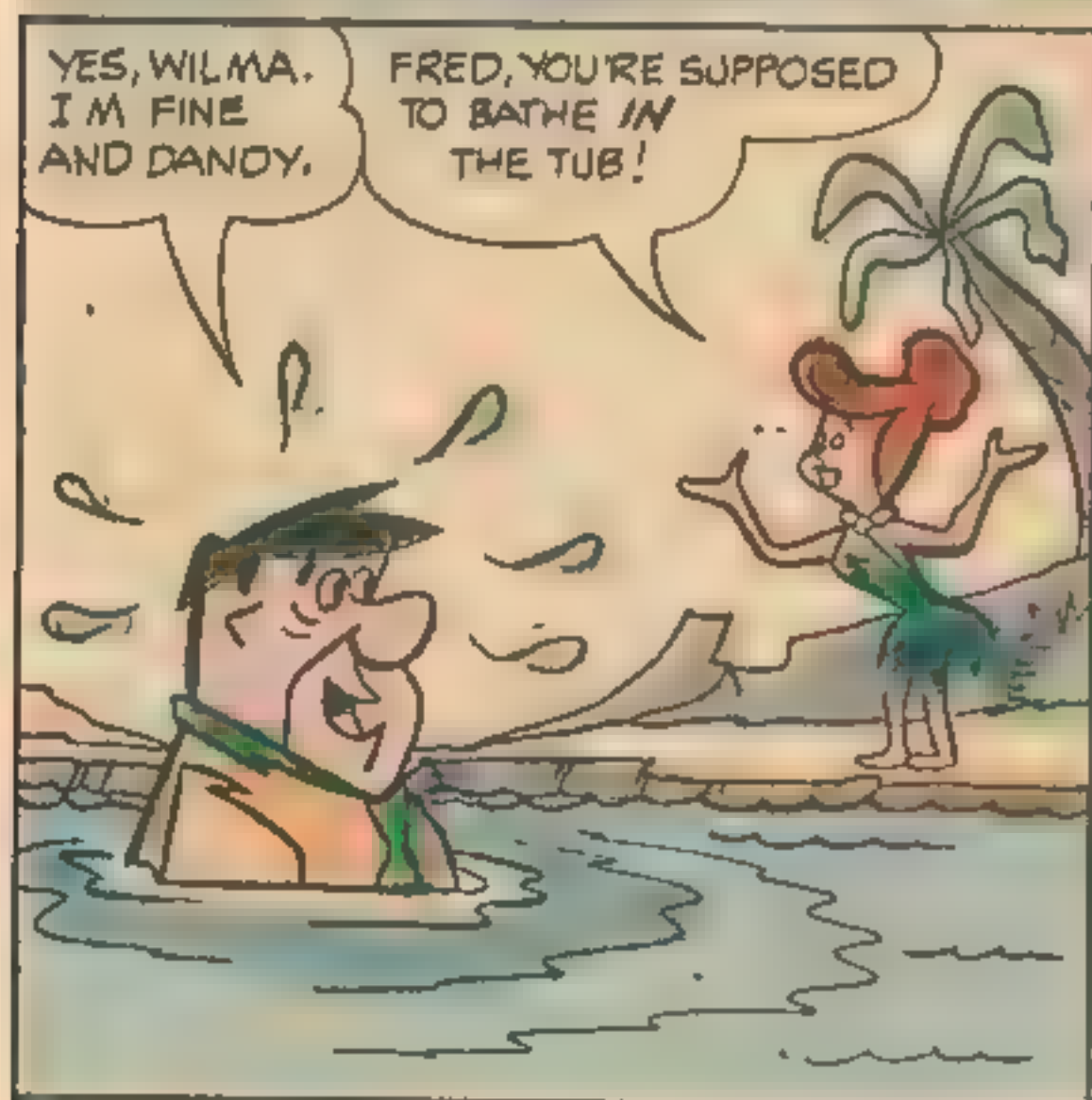
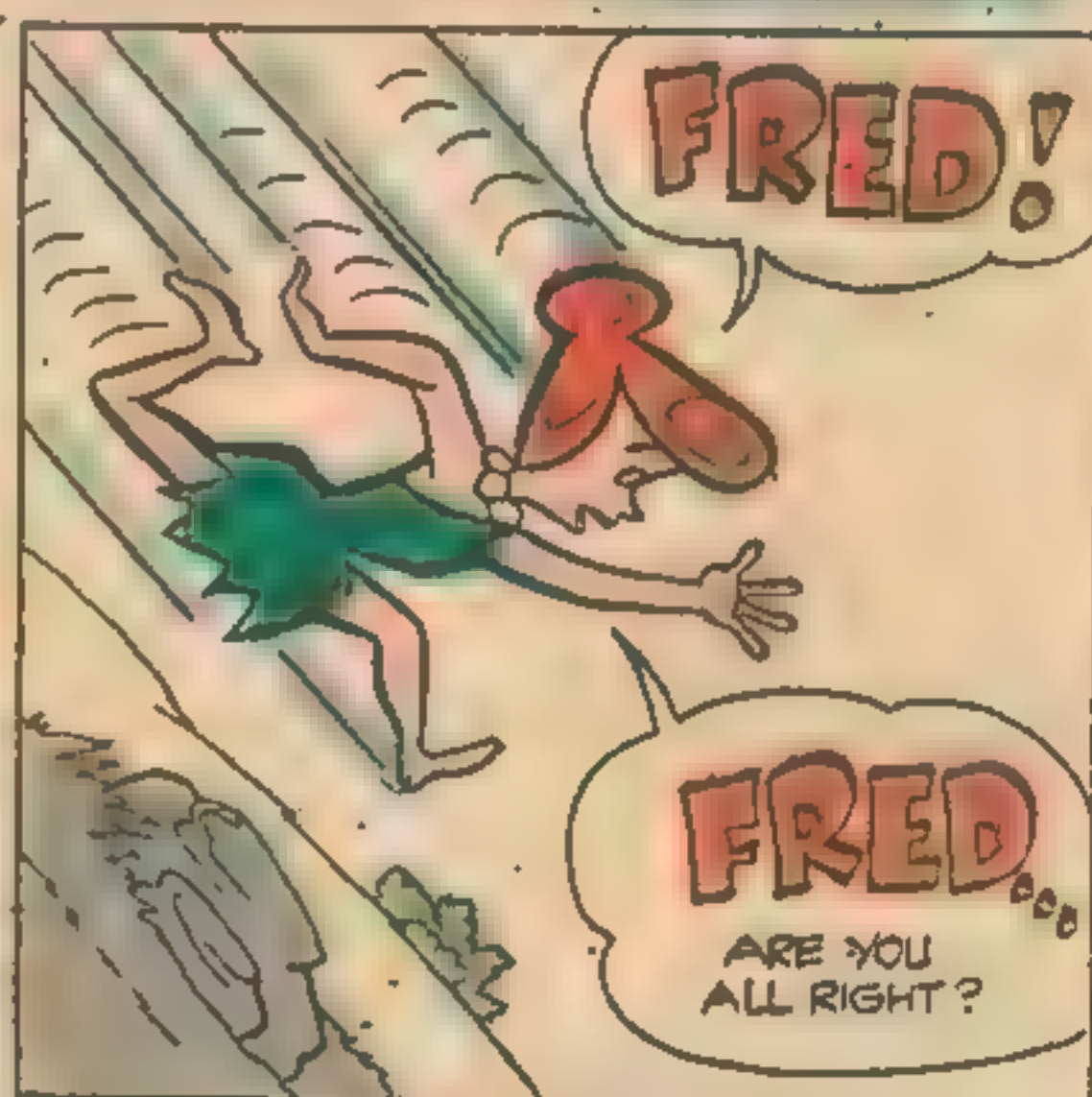
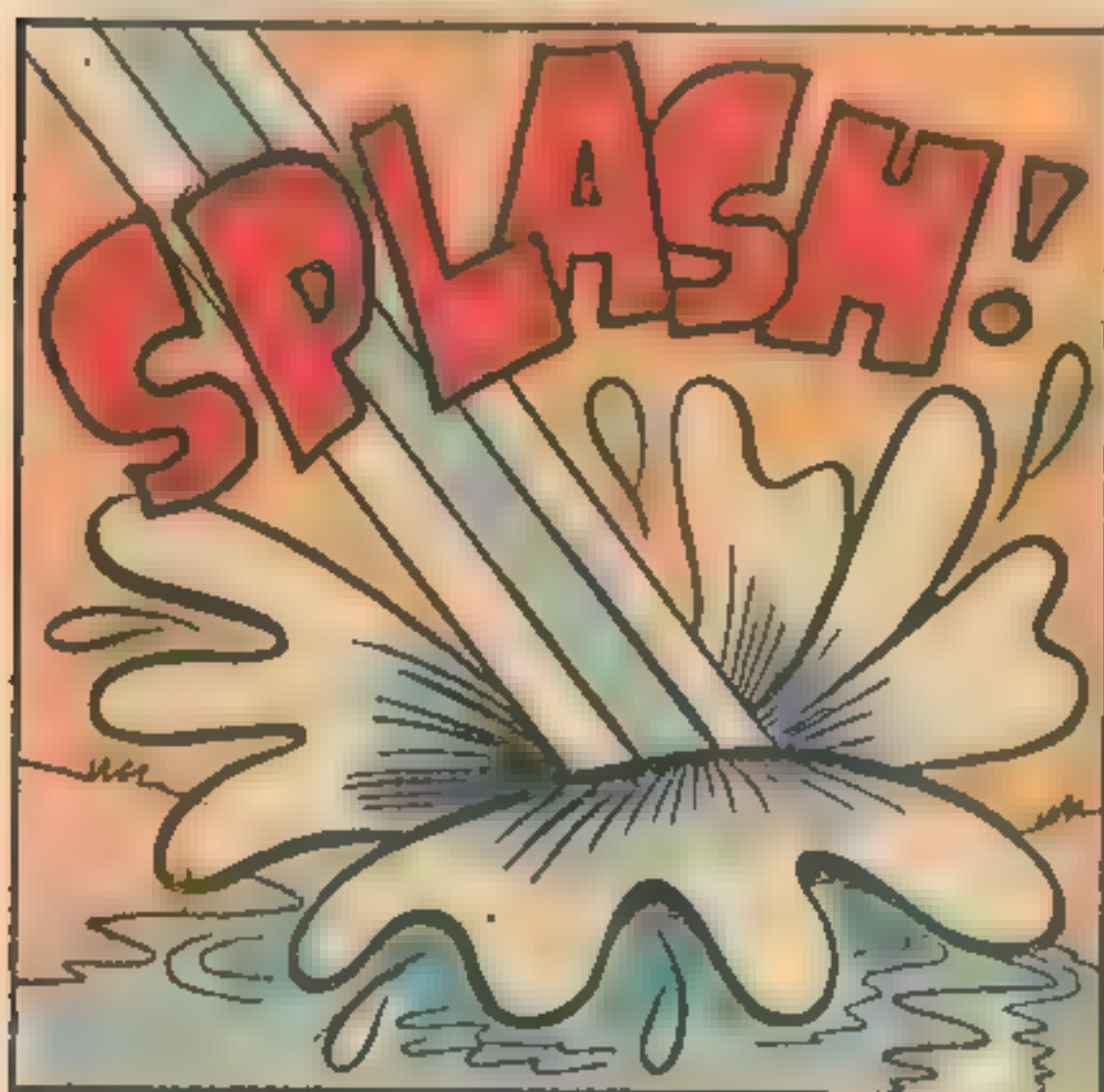
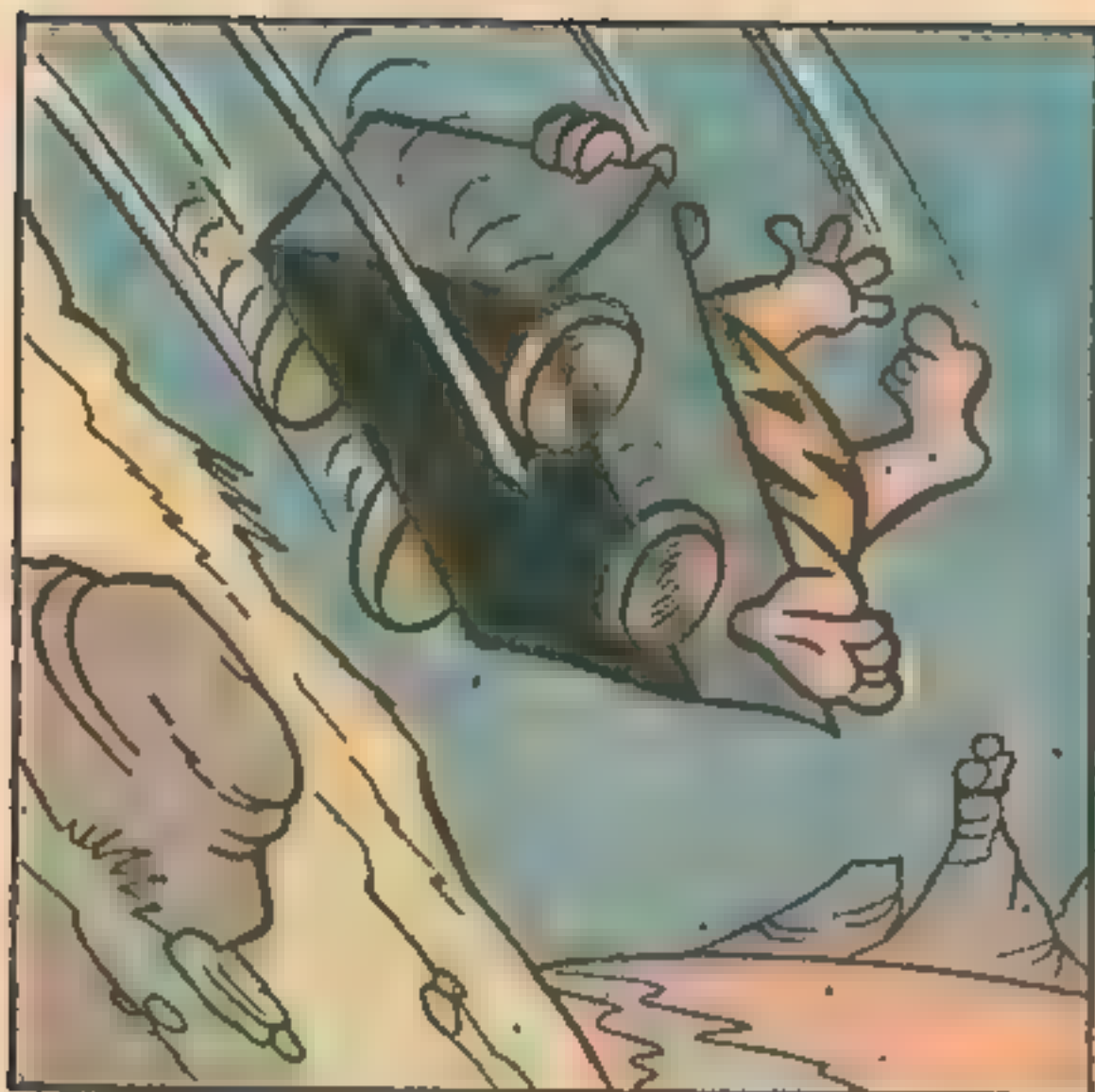
**HAVE BATH-  
WILL TRAVEL**













# HUCKLEBERRY HOUND

# NO SALE!

THOSE SIGNS DON'T MEAN A THING, HUCK! JUST FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS AND THE LADY OF THE HOUSE WILL BUY THE LITTLE WUNDA VACUUM CLEANER!

ARE YUH SURE? IT SEZ BEWARE OF FIERCE DOG AND...

PEDDLERS  
KEEP OUT

NO  
TRESPASSING

BEWARE  
OF  
FIERCE  
DOG

NO  
SALESMEN  
ALLOWED

I KNOW FOR A  
FACT THEY DON'T  
EVEN OWN A DOG!

LITTLE  
WUNDA  
VACUUM  
CLEANER  
KIT

D-2179

RAY  
DIEGO

HE W-WAS RIGHT!  
THEY D-DON'T EVEN  
OWN A D-DOG!

HEH HEH

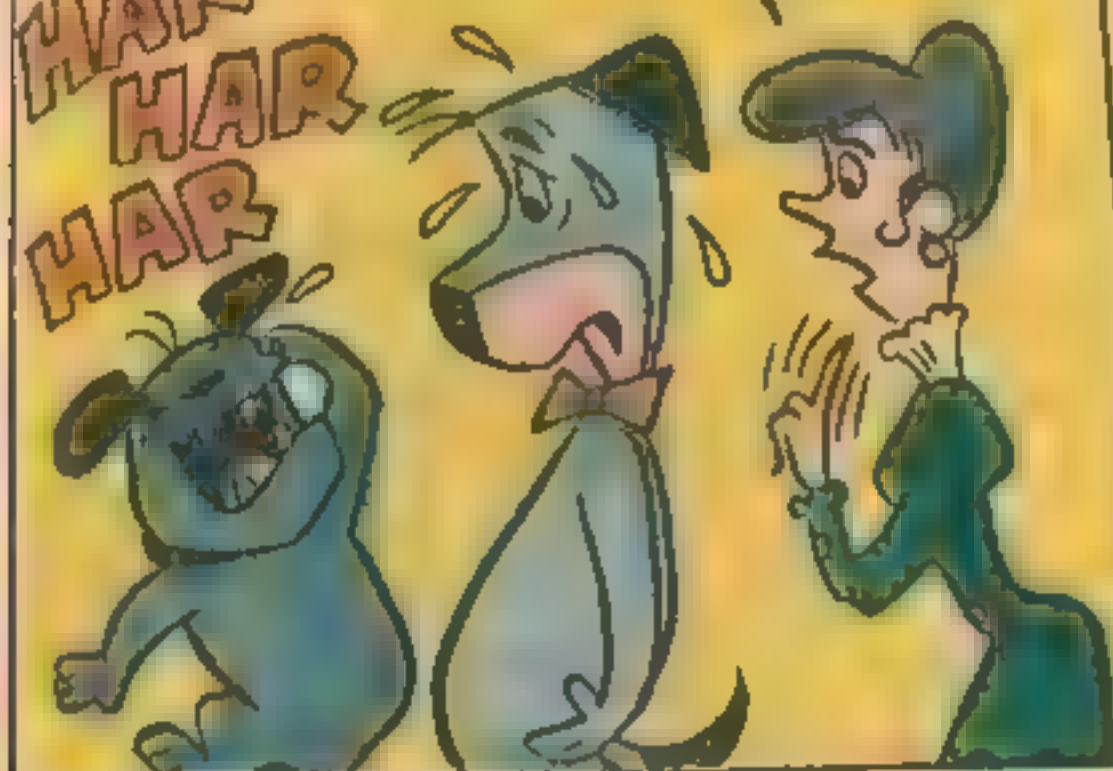
BOOOO!

YIIIIIIII!

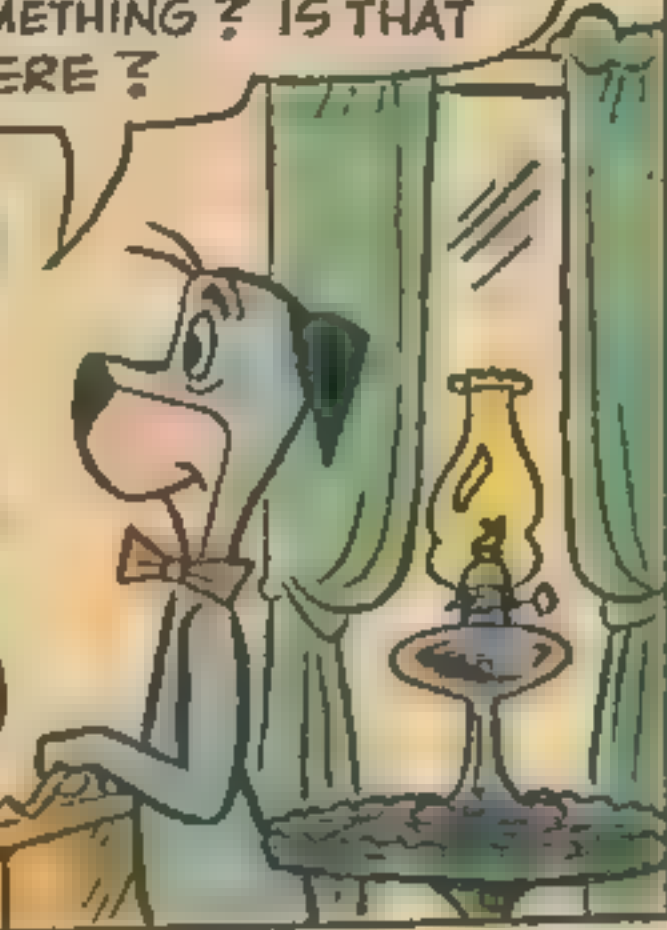


YOU STOP PLAYING TRICKS ON PEOPLE, WILBUR! IT'S ALL RIGHT, HE WON'T BITE YOU!

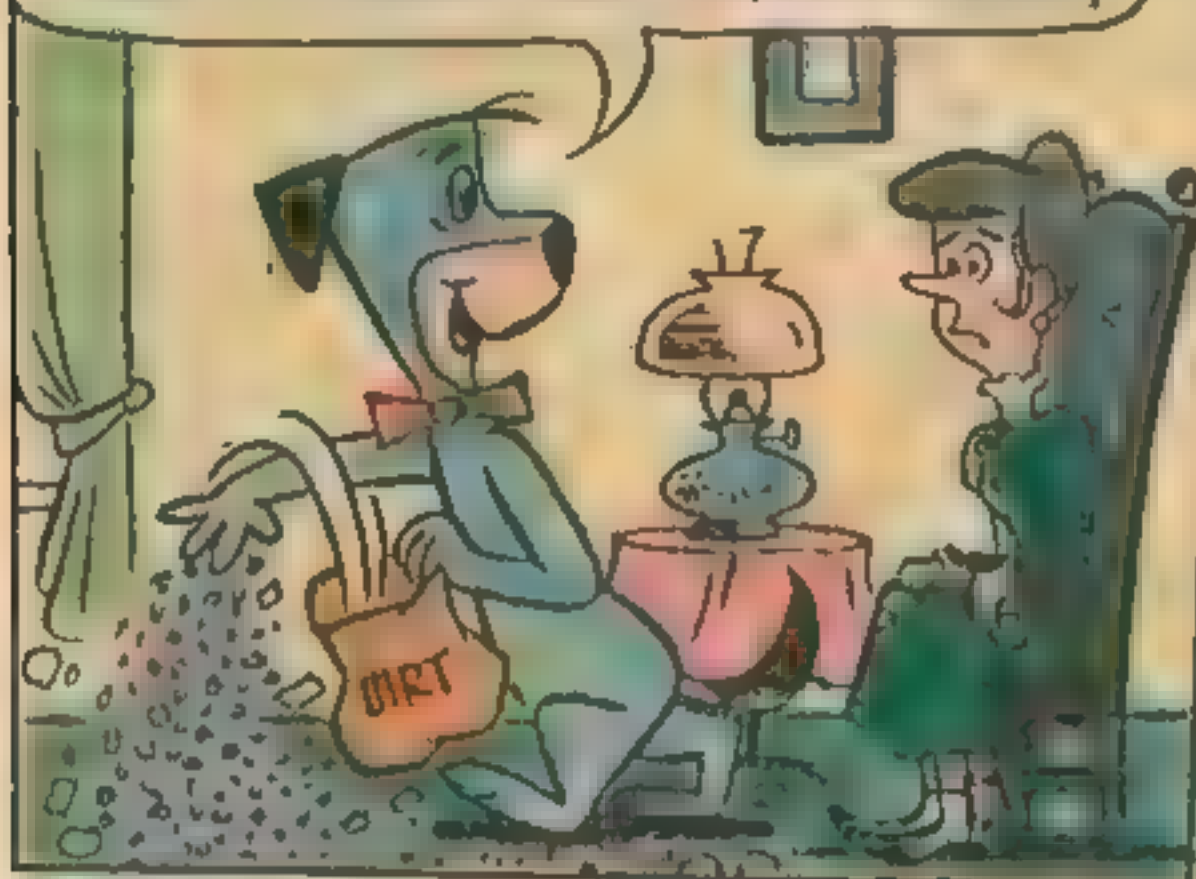
HAR  
HAR  
HAR



BUT HE **DOES** FRIGHTEN PEOPLE INTO THE HOSPITAL FREQUENTLY! ARE YOU SELLING SOMETHING? IS THAT WHY YOU'RE HERE?



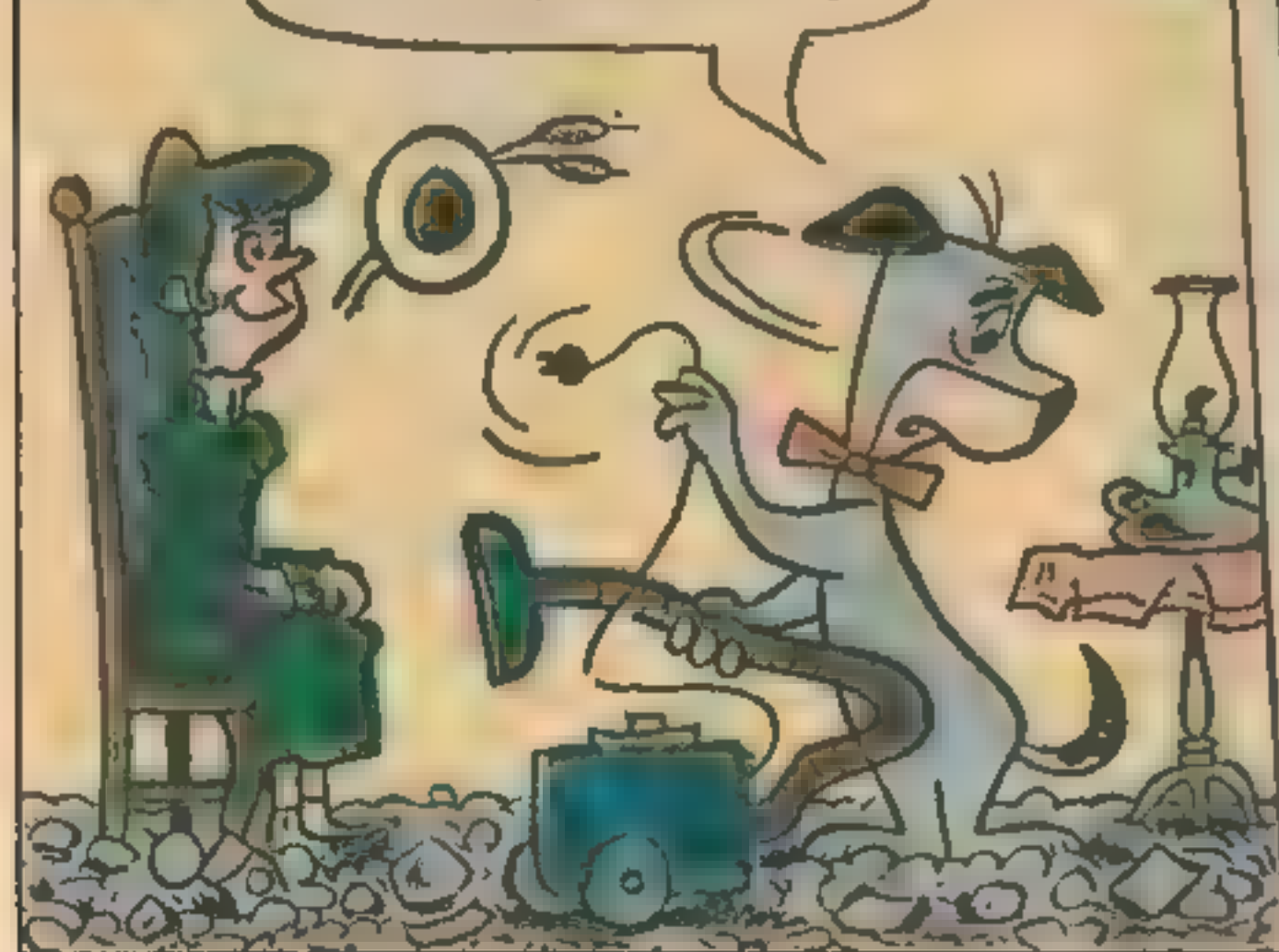
BEFORE I DEMONSTRATE THE LITTLE WUNDA VACUUM CLEANER, I'LL DISTRIBUTE SOME HARD-TO-CLEAN DIRT ON YOUR FLOOR!



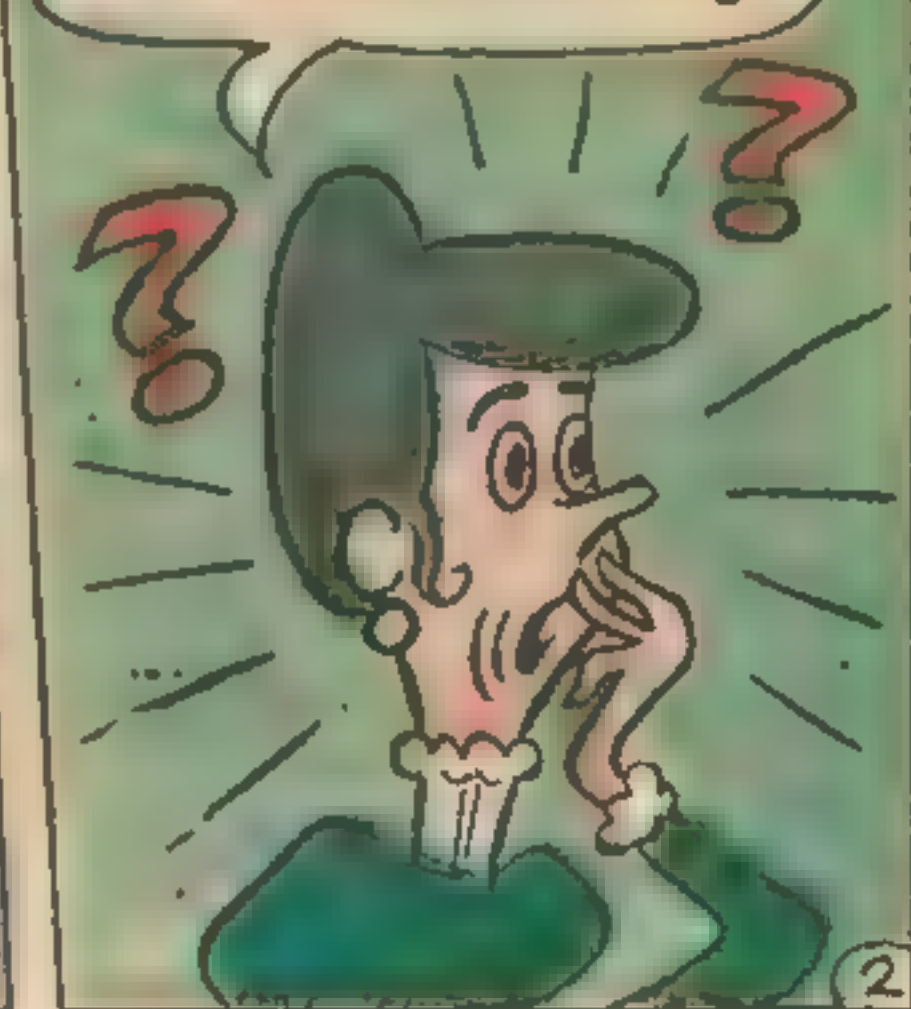
IT'S A PRICELESS ORIENTAL RUG, YOUNG MAN! YOU WON'T **SOVL** IT, WILL YOU?



WHERE'S AN ELECTRICAL OUTLET?  
I GOTTA PLUG THIS IN!

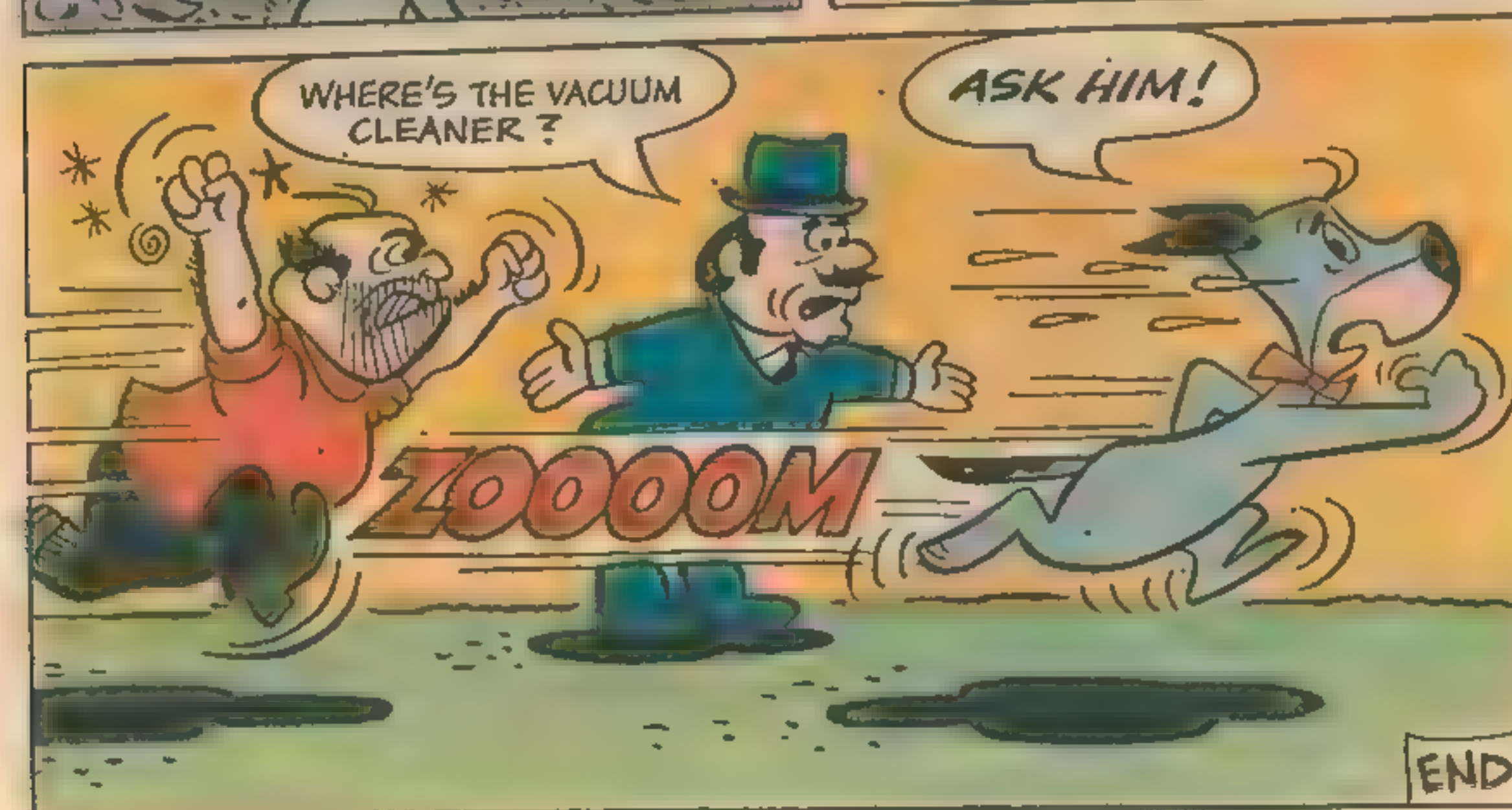
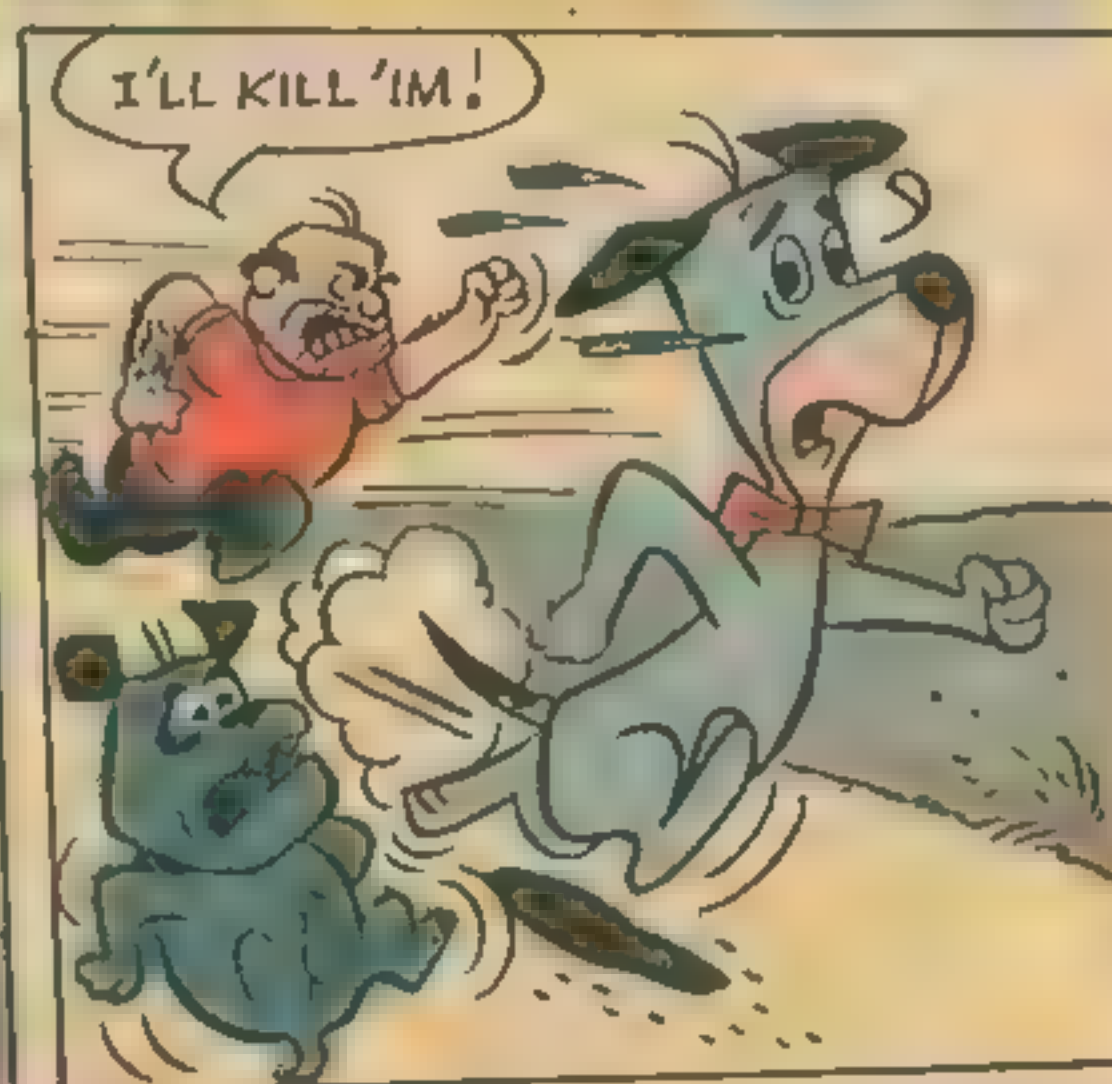
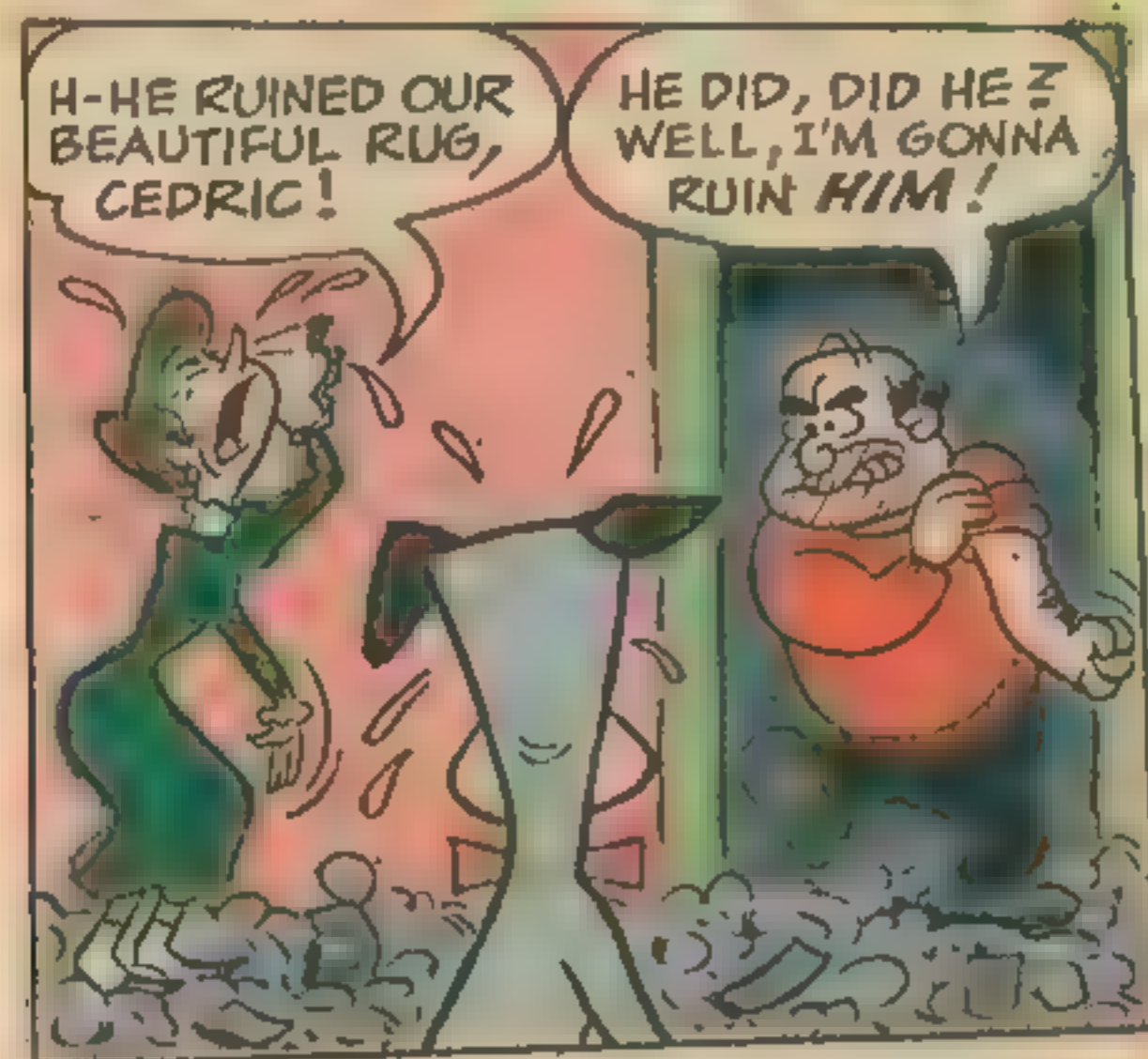
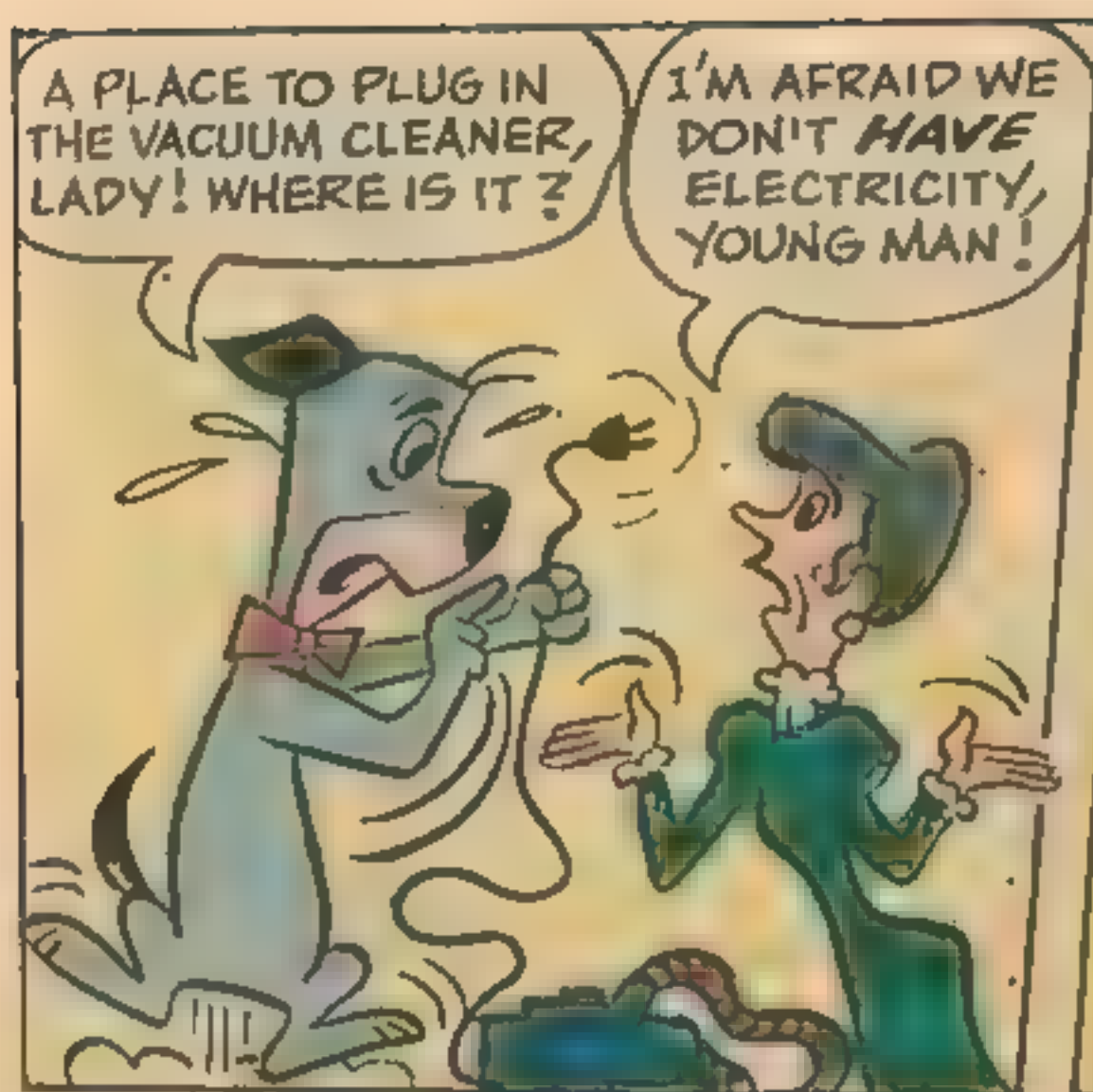


WHAT'S AN ELECTRICAL OUTLET?



CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE-



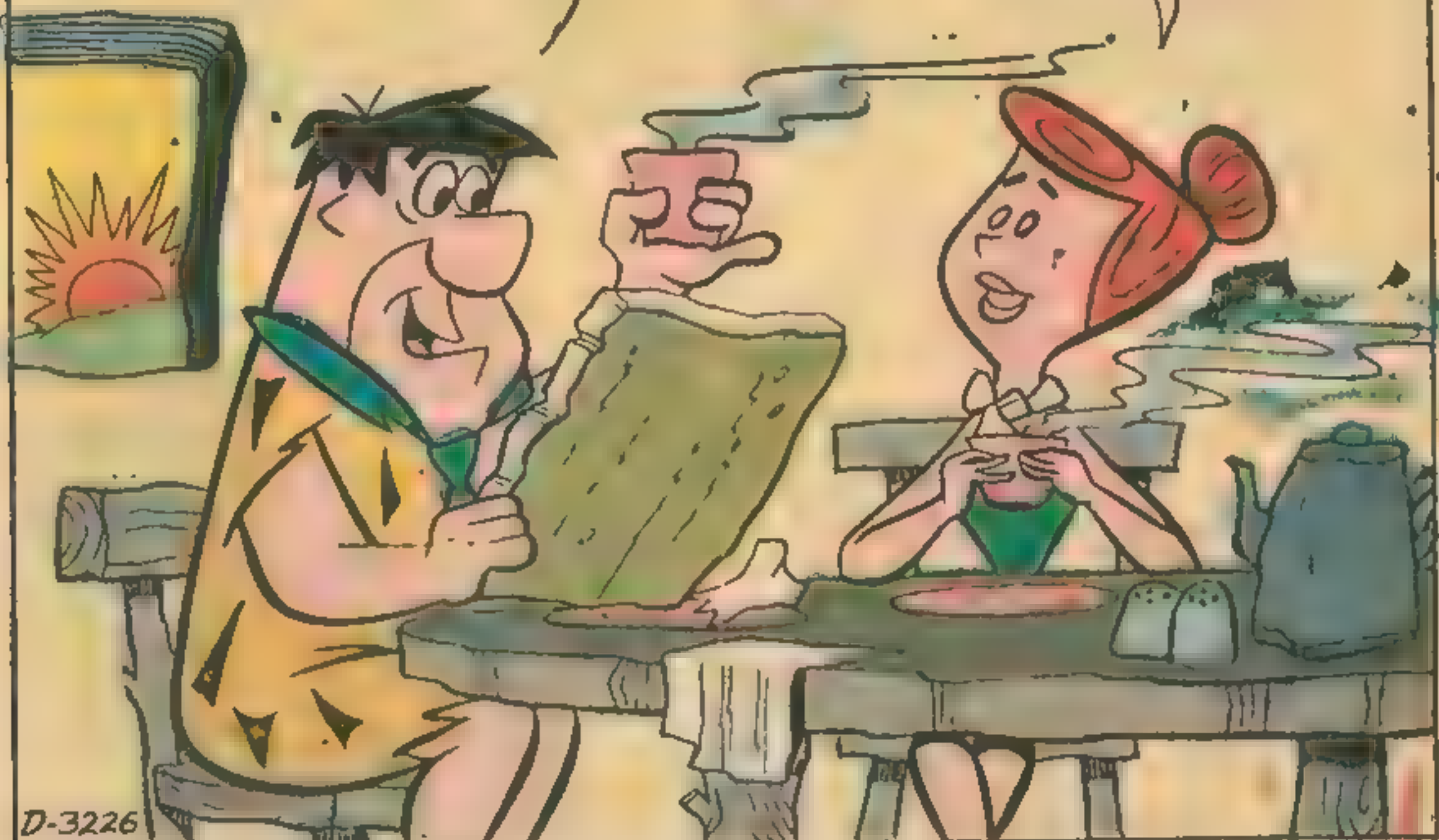




# THE FLINTSTONES in FRED'S LUCKY DAY

I'M READING TODAY'S HOROSCOPE.  
IT SAYS TODAY'S MY LUCKY DAY!

IF YOU STAY OUT OF  
TROUBLE, FRED, IT WILL  
BE YOUR LUCKY DAY.

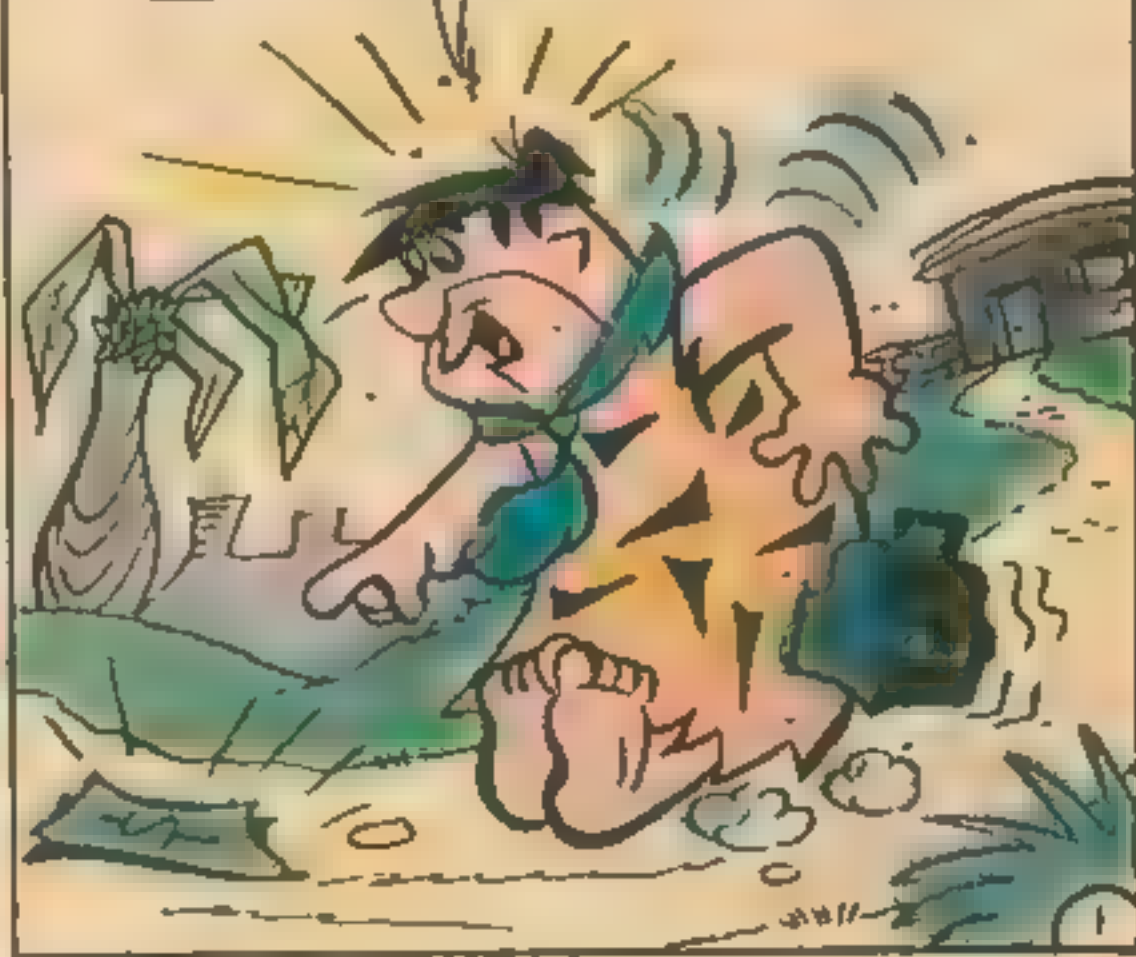


D-3226

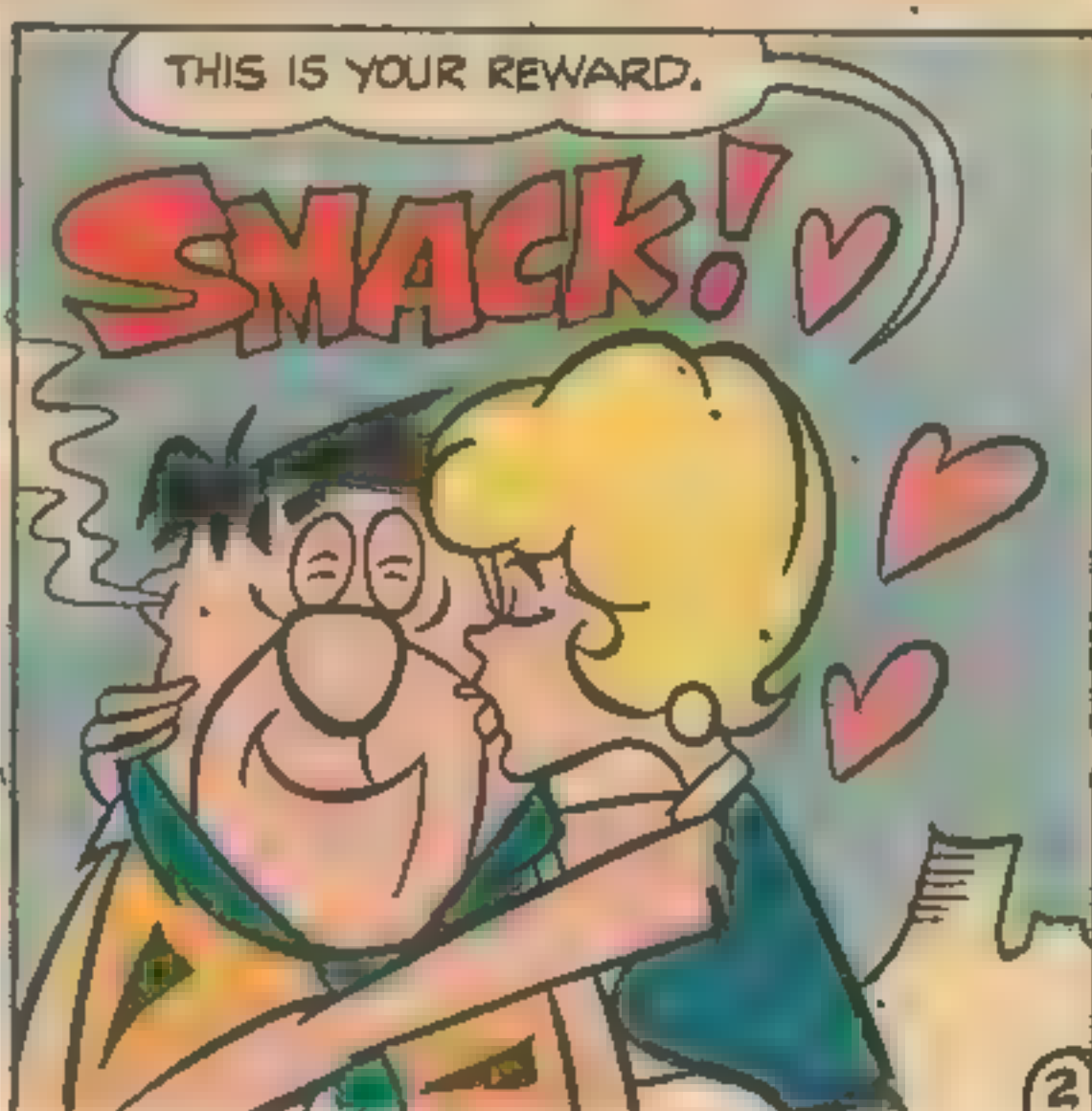
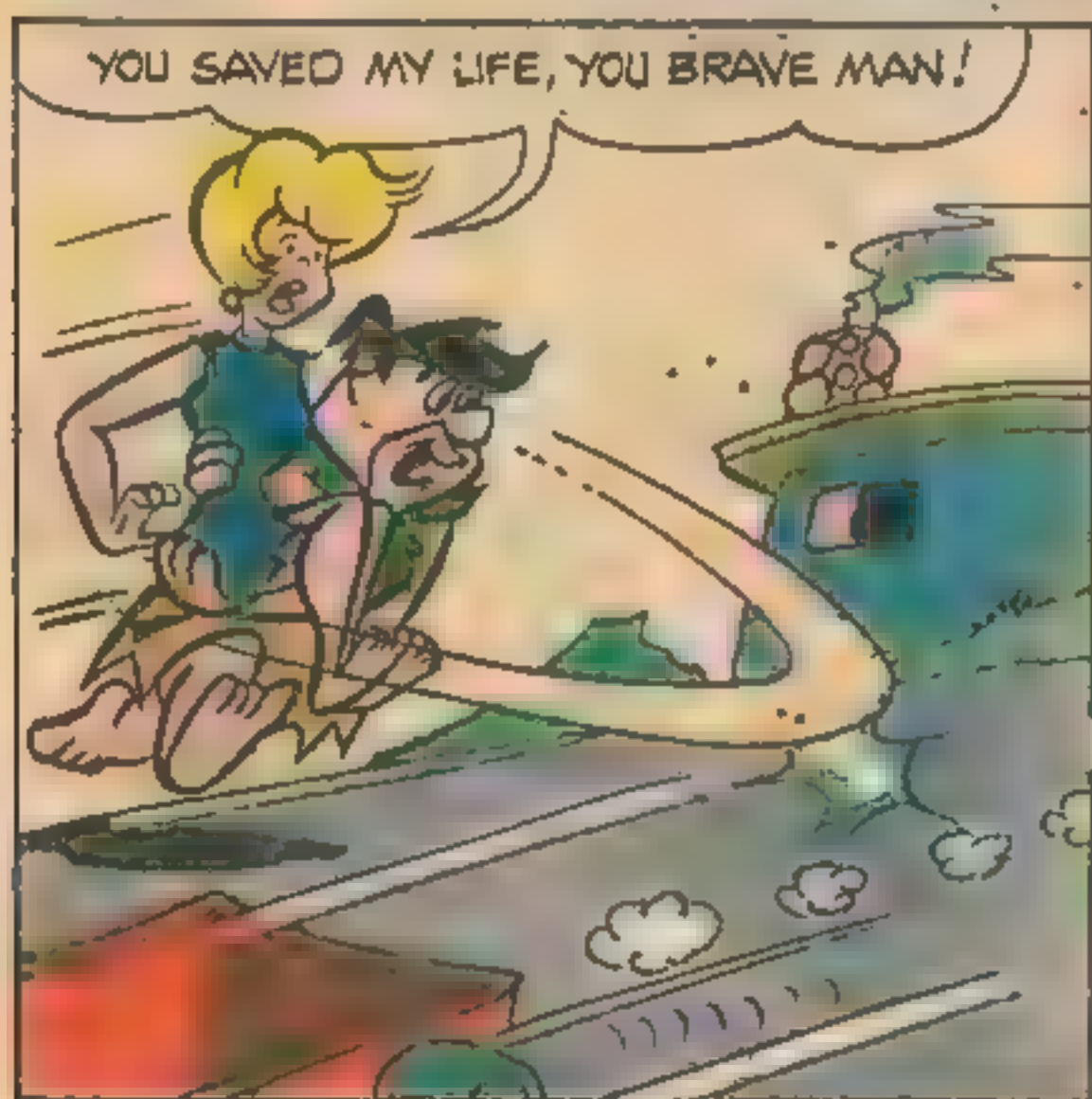
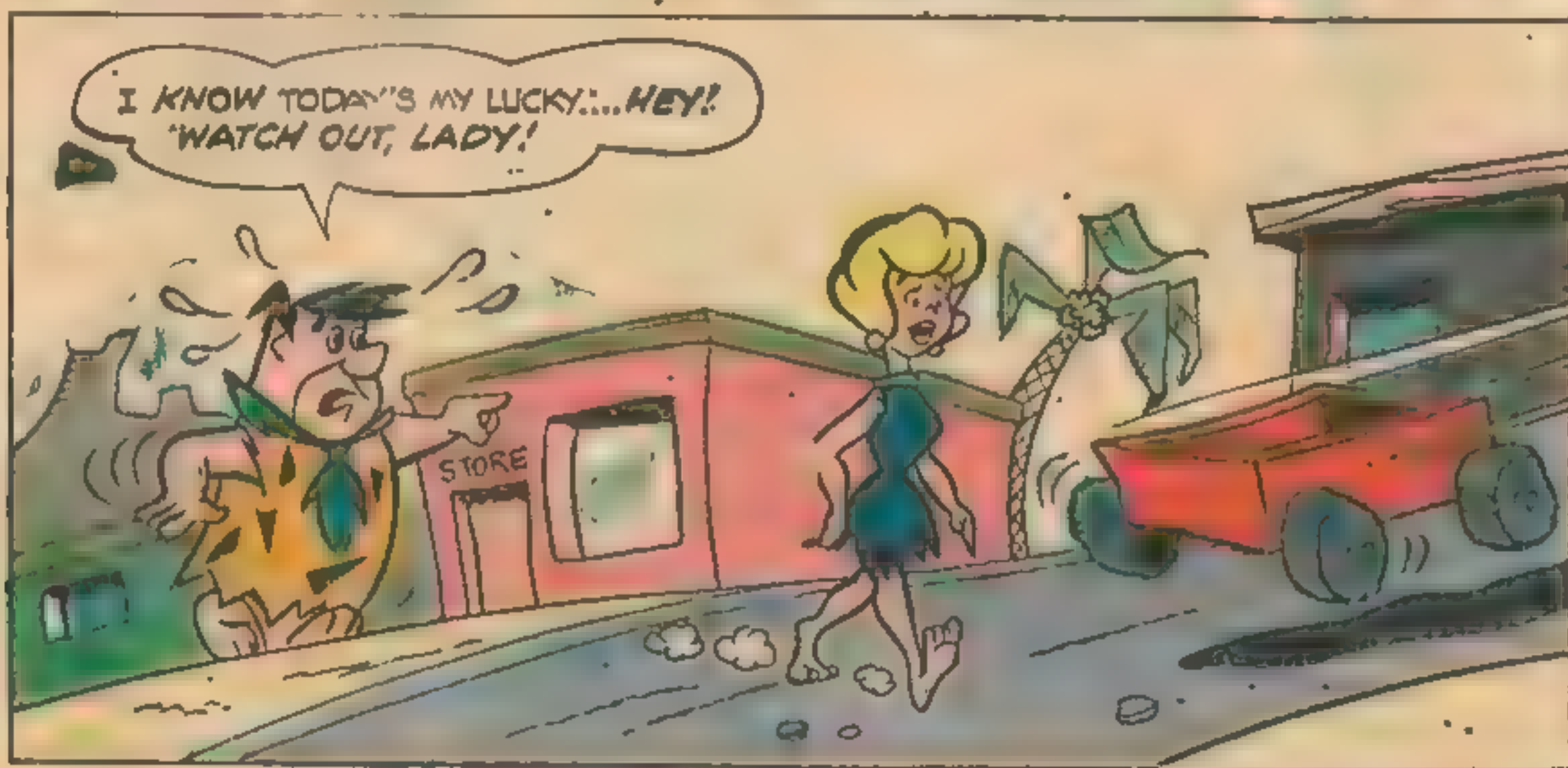
I *FEEL* LUCKY  
TODAY. YOU JUST  
WAIT AND SEE,  
WILMA.

GOODBYE, FRED. HAVE  
A GOOD DAY, AND  
DON'T WORK TOO HARD.

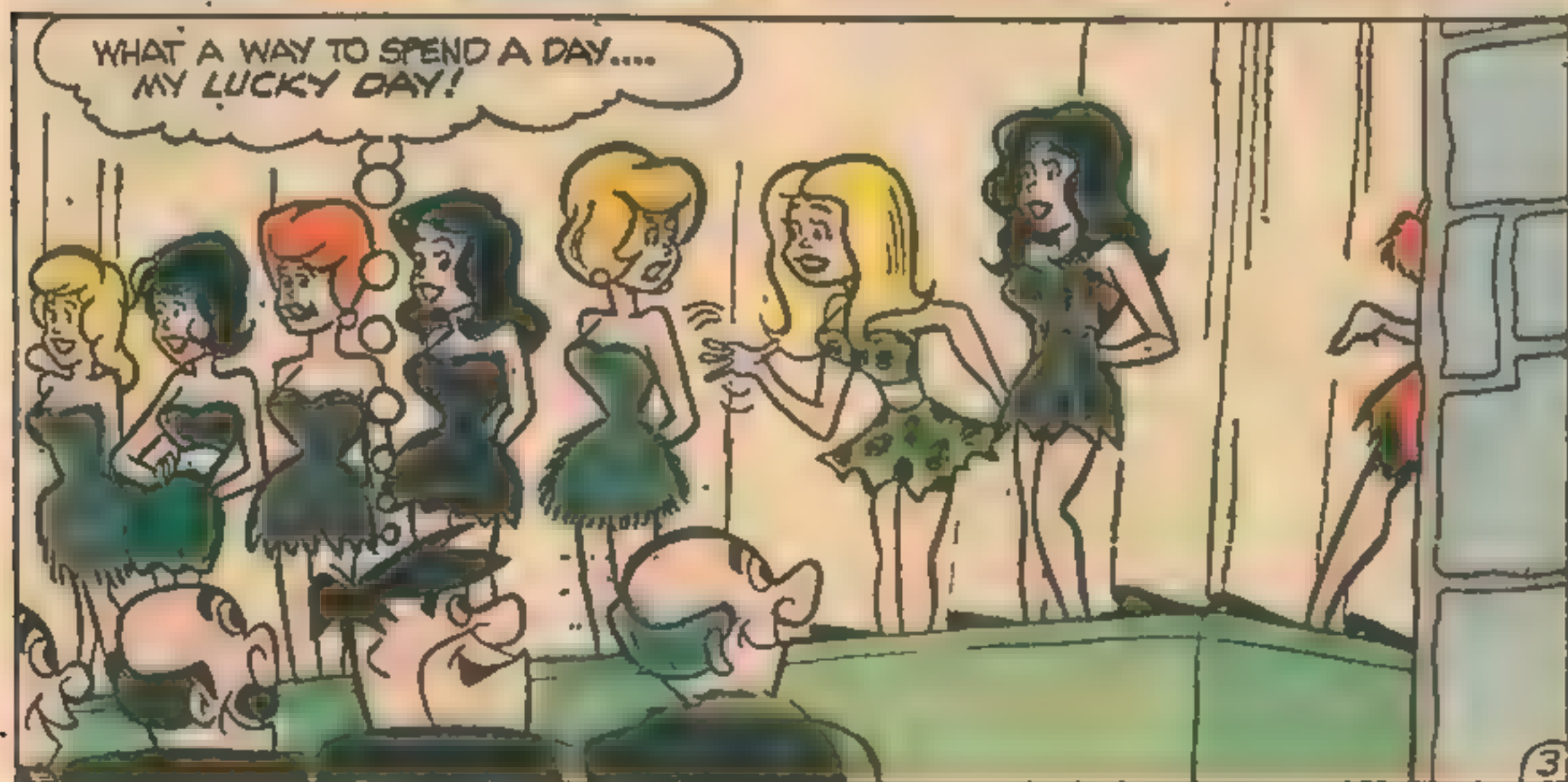
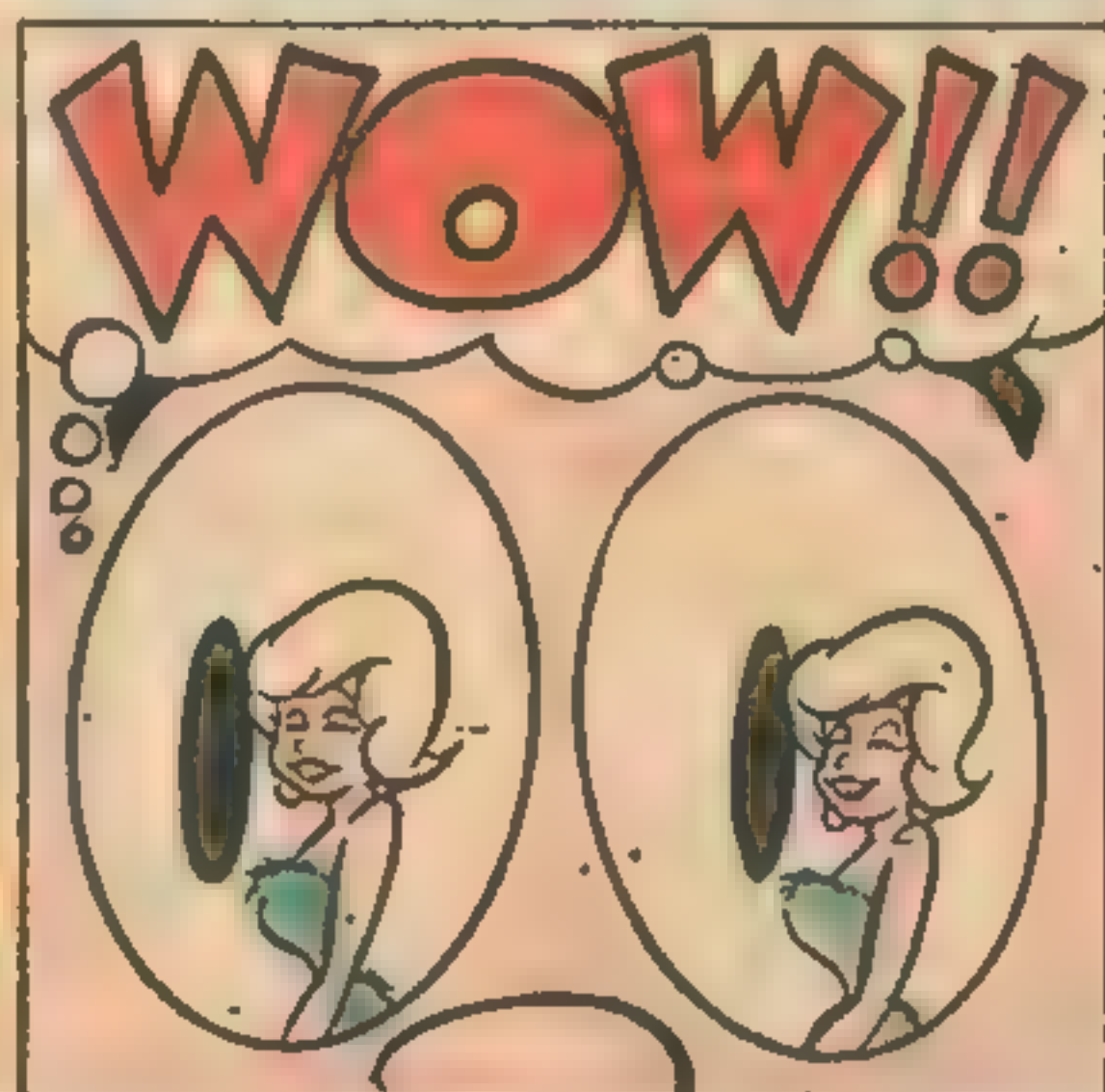
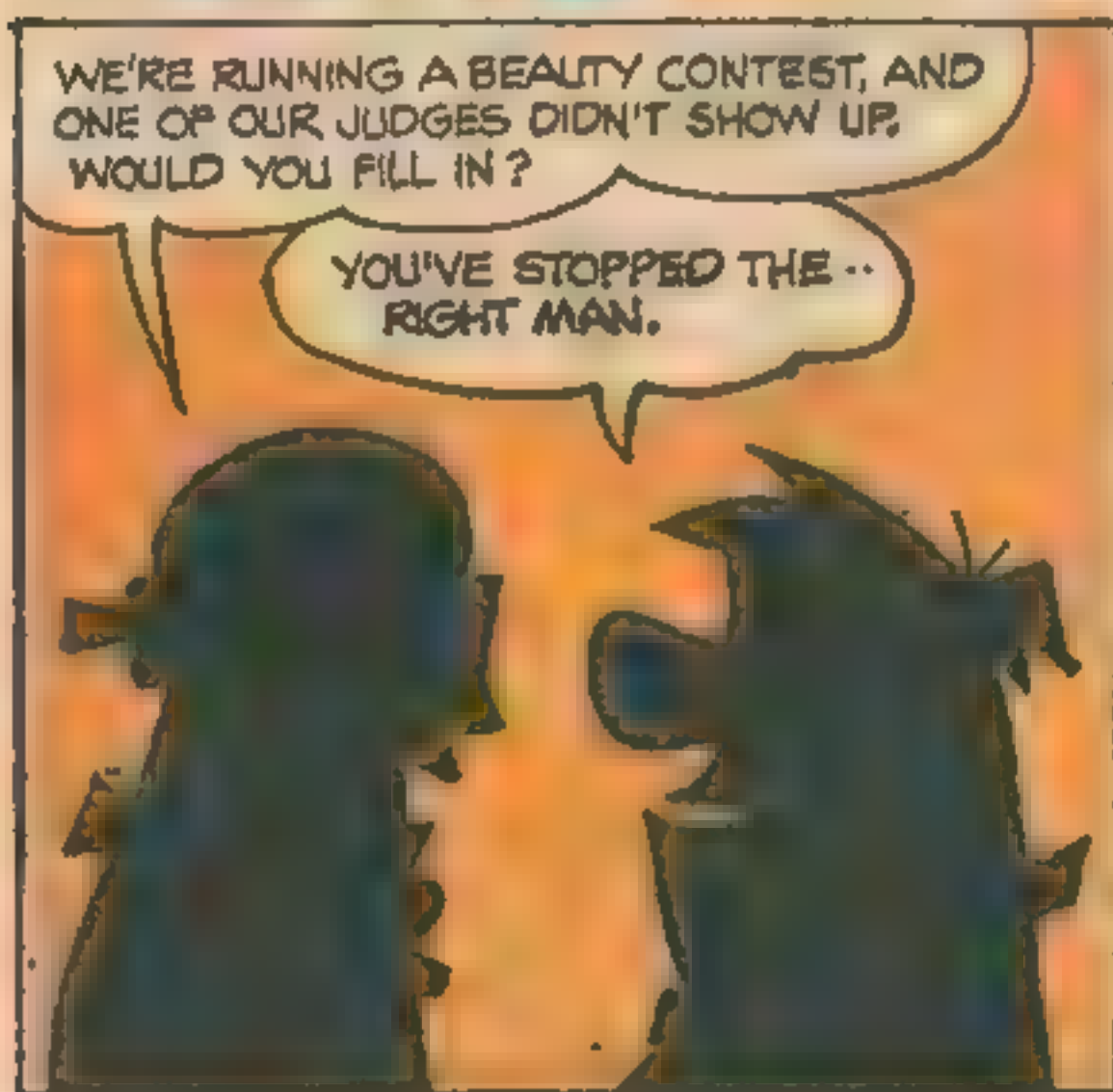
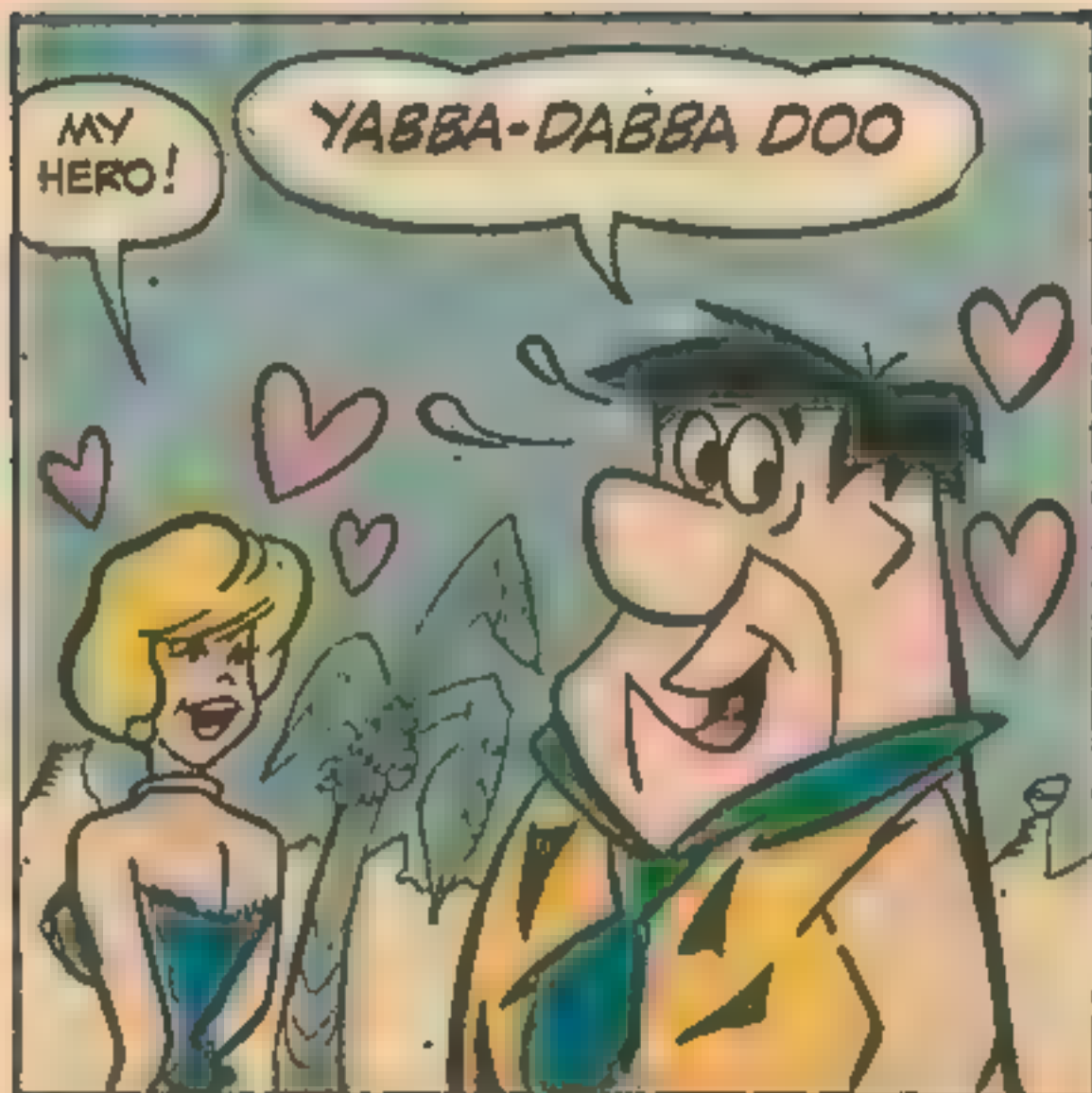
LOOK! A TEN DOLLAR BILL....AND THE  
DAY'S JUST BEGUN!



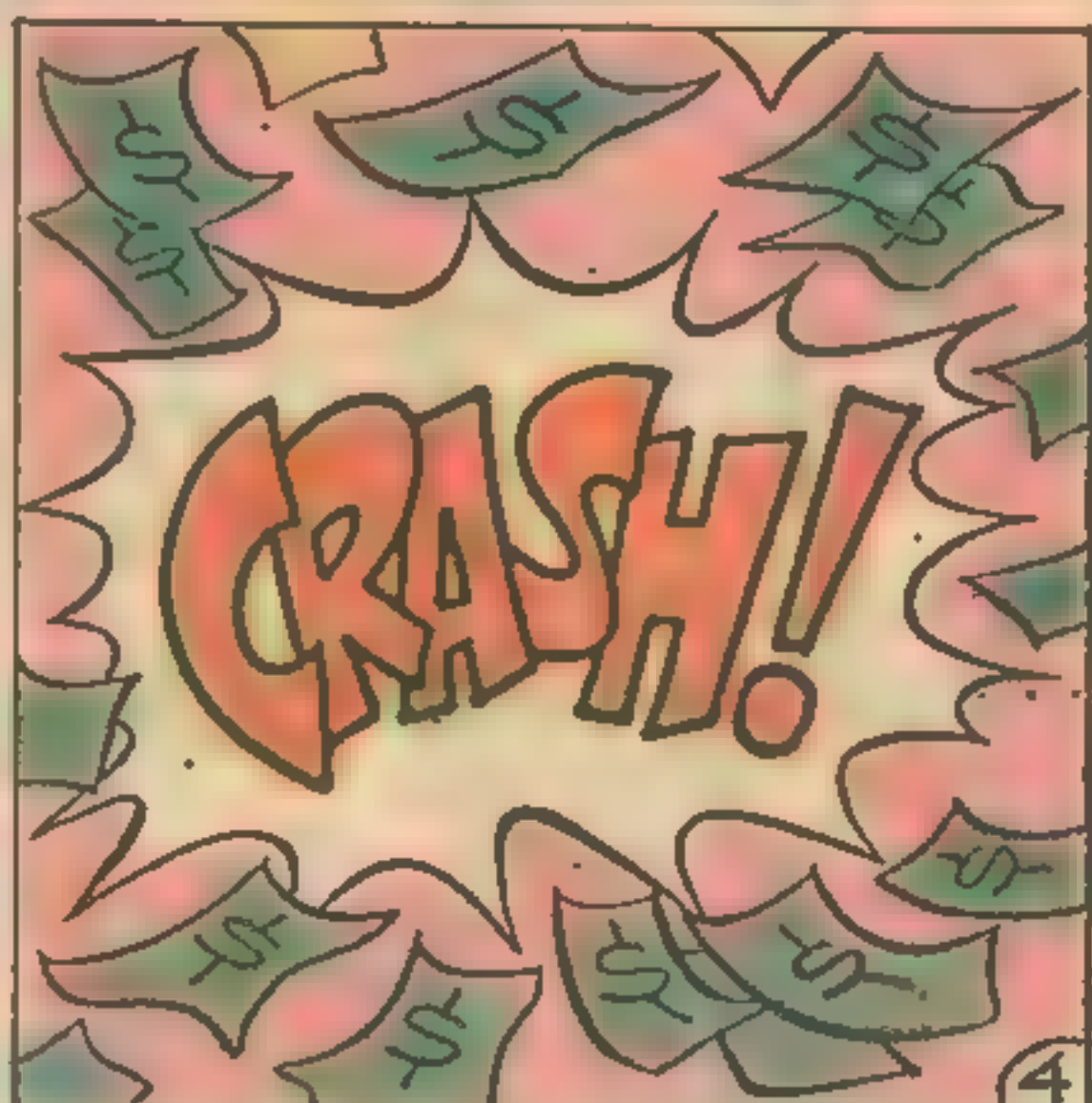
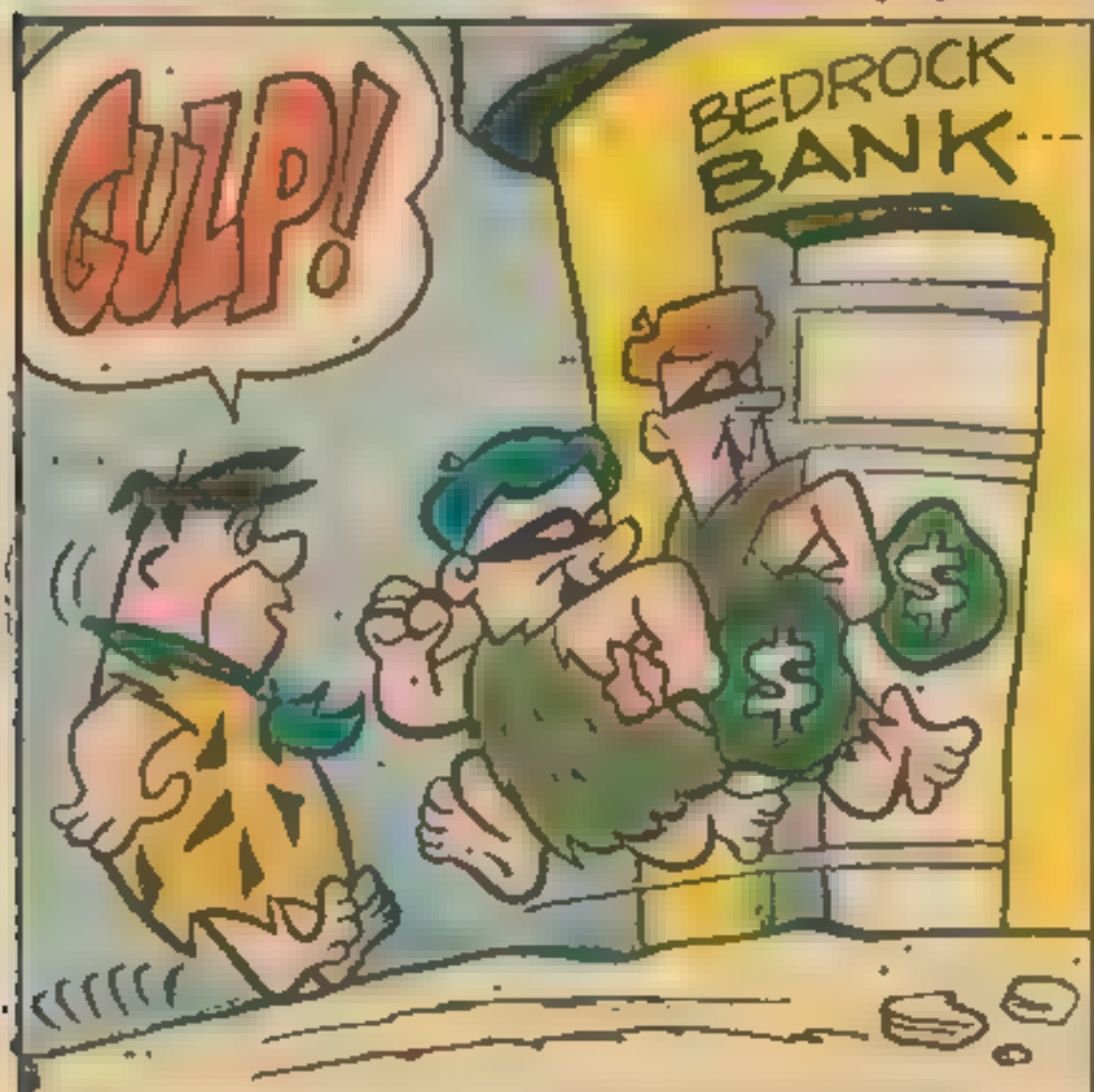
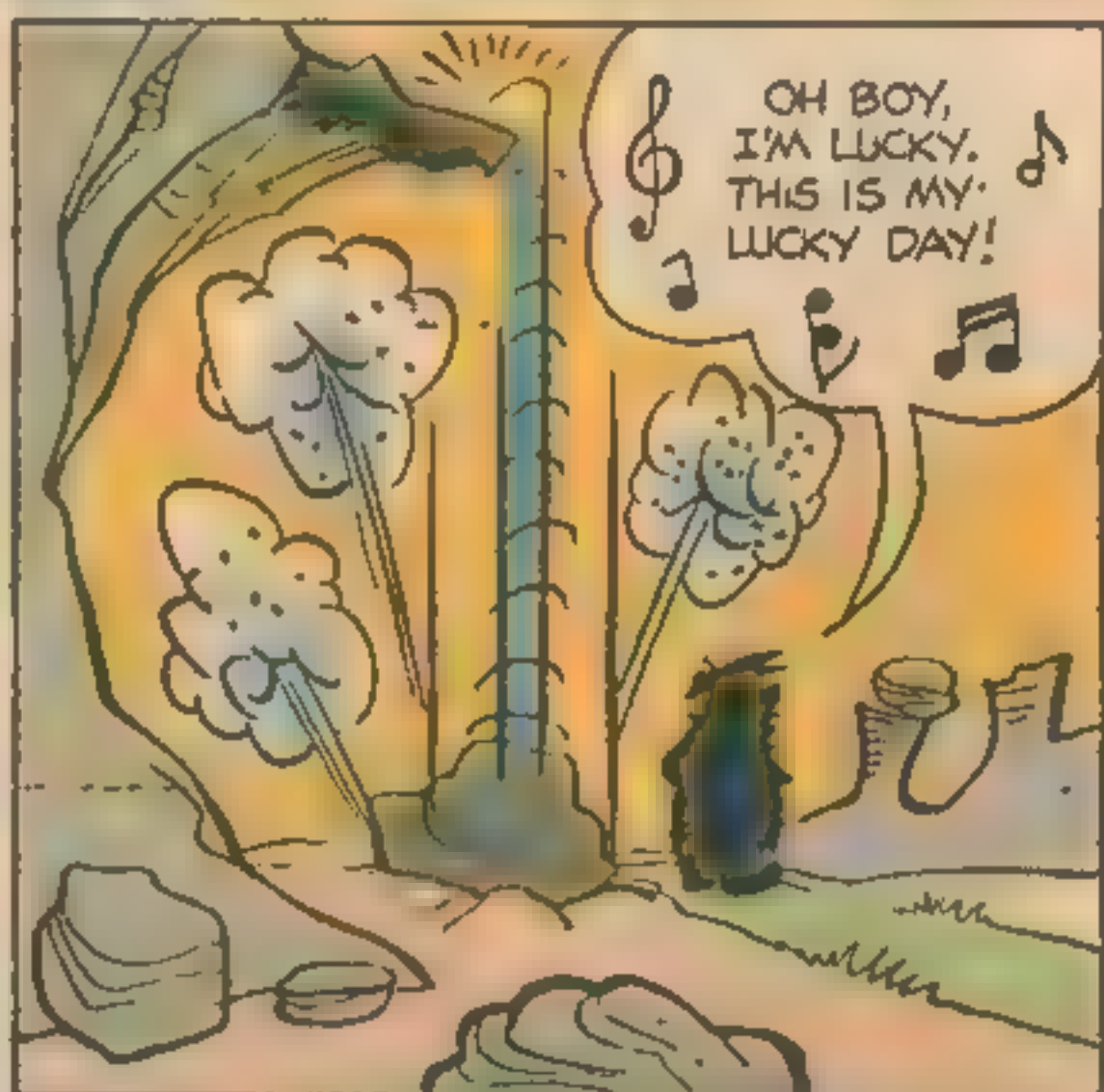
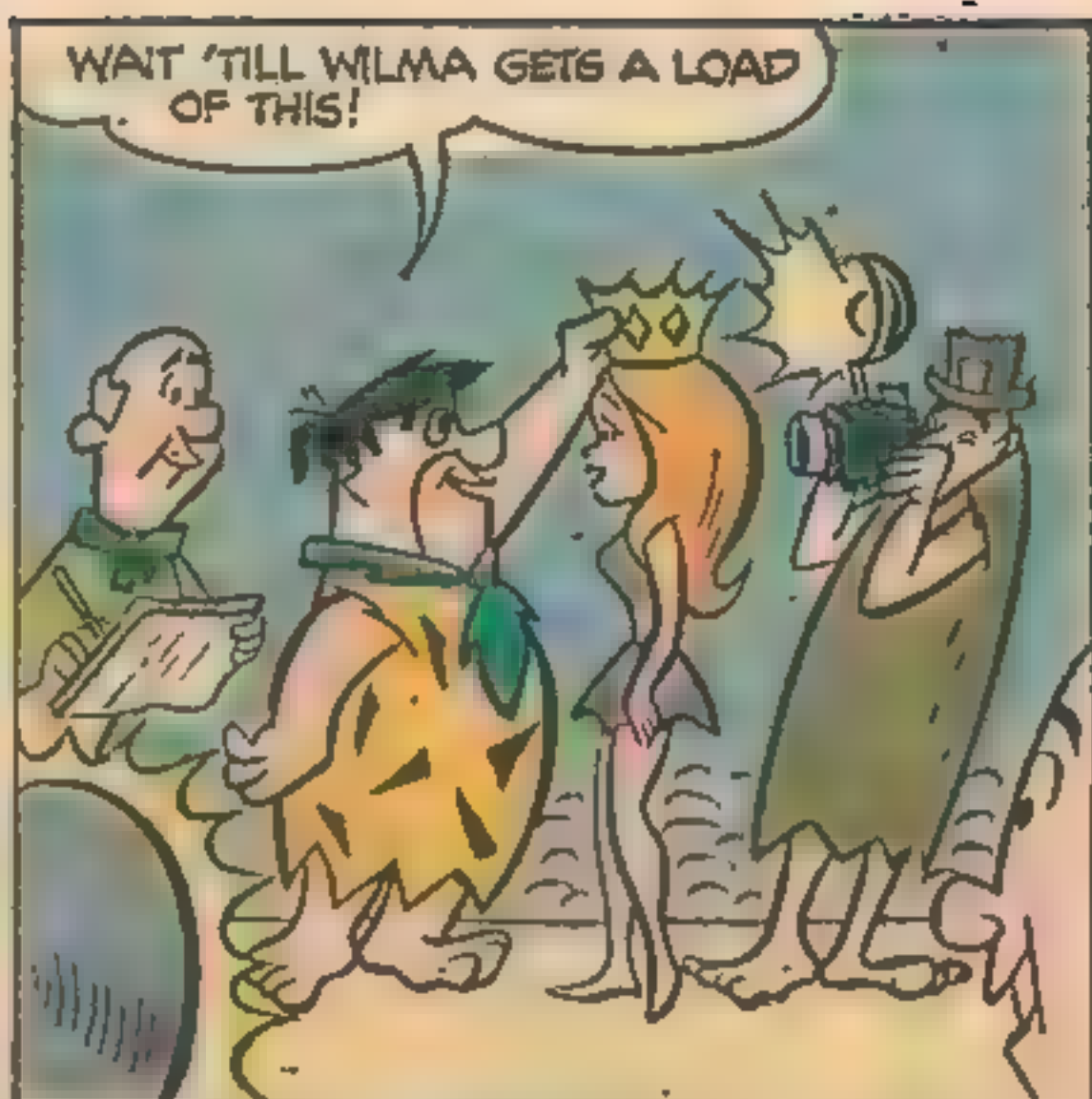
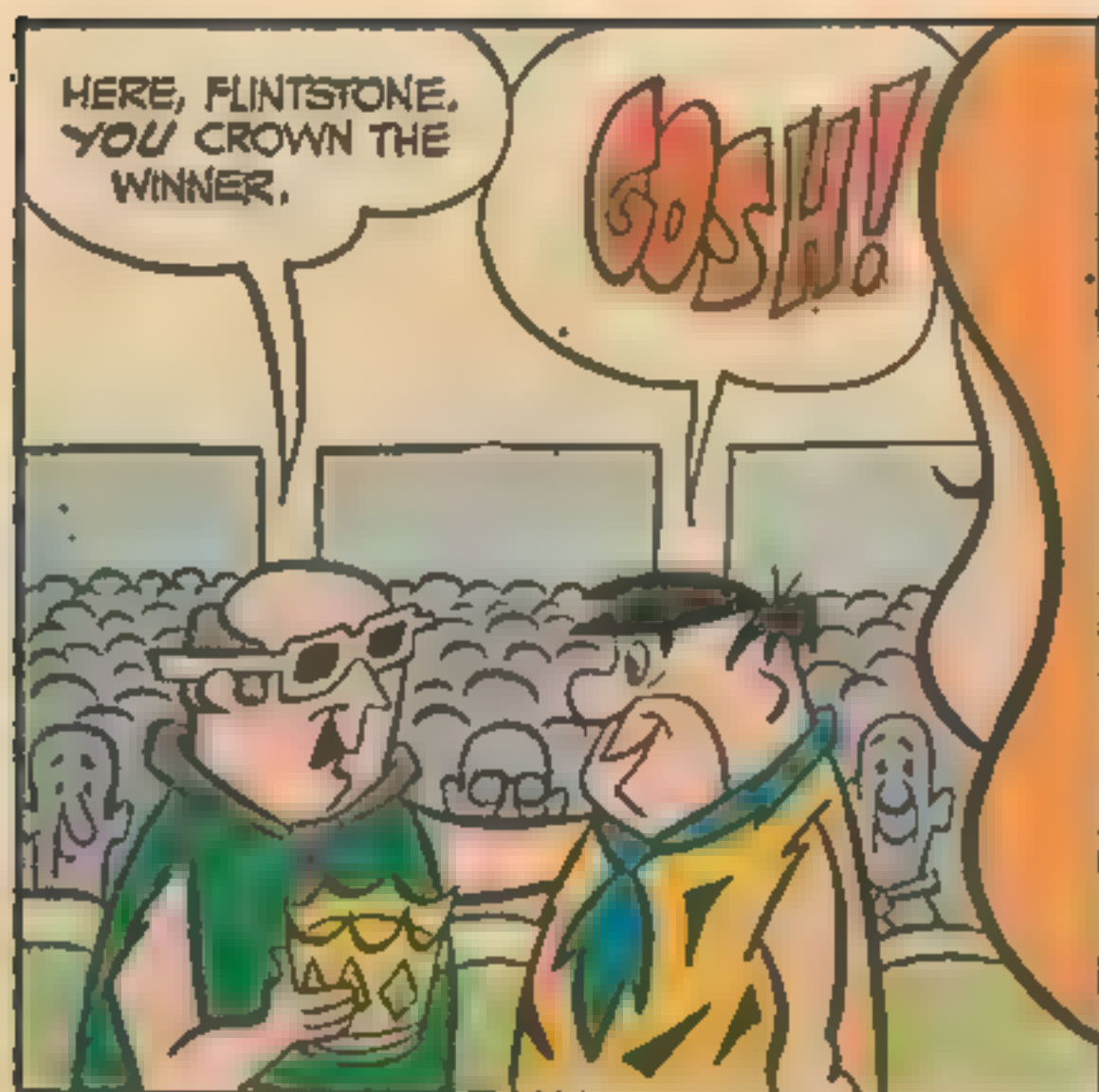


















# BONERS, MOANERS, AND GROANERS!

For more than thirty years I have taught those darling little children in the grade schools. And I have had a lot of experiences during that period of time.

The grade syllabus called for: "Word Enrichment." Each day I was to teach them an unusual word. On Monday it called for these two words: Brume and Brumal. Brume-fog; winter. Originally winter solstice. Shortest day of the year. From latin. Brumal-pertaining to winter. From latin, Brumal (is). Also: If you have a student in your class who speaks spanish, you may develop the following: Bruma in spanish means the mist rising from the sea. Hazziness.

It formerly meant the winter season.

So I began the lesson with this question: "Who can tell me what the word brume means?"

Up went every hand in the class. Something must be wrong I felt. They couldn't be that smart. I had forgotten that you also have the word broom with the same pronunciation. Jimmy answered:

"A broom is what you sweep with. But you don't use it much anymore. You use a carpet sweeper or a vacuum cleaner today."

I couldn't very well tell Jimmy he was wrong. So I then asked the next question:

"Who can tell me what a brumal is?"

Little Martha almost jumped up from her seat waving her hand wildly.

"I know, teacher! I know the answer! We have a brumal in our home. It is the place where you keep your broom and the pan you use when you sweep up the dirt from the carpet. Or from the floor. Do I get 100% for the answer?"

Everything went wrong with that lesson. But the end was not as yet in sight. Martin had a question to ask.

"I know that sometimes people say that a new broom sweeps clean. Just why should a new broom act that way? In our apartment my mother has an old broom. It also sweeps clean."

This seemed a good opportunity to point out the disaster of the main objective of the lesson.

"I can explain this to you with an illustration," I said.

"There is a big store with a lot of people working there. Some of them are efficient. Others are lazy and careless. And not very efficient. They get a new boss. He looks around. He is going to get rid of the people who are lazy, careless, inefficient and should have been fired long ago. So that is what he does."

Leave it to little Darline to ask the wrong question at the wrong time.

"I think I know what you mean. But does he use a new or an old broom to sweep out the store?"

Then Frank added his contribution to a lesson that hit an iceberg that was sinking slowly but surely.

"I remain sometimes in the afternoon in school. I have watched the workers here clean the floors. They never use brooms. They have a big tank. It really is a vacuum cleaner."

I looked at my wrist watch. Just a few minutes more to go before the lunch time bell would ring. And that would be the end of the lesson.

"I know a story about a broom and an old house," said Louise. "Out in the country there was an old lady. Who used a broom to clean the floor. But she was a very smart woman. She didn't use a pan to take care of the dirt. Instead she had a hole in the middle of the floor. And she swept all the dirt into that one hole. Very easy when you are getting old. And when she could sweep no more dirt into the hole she knew it was time to move to another house. For that meant her old house was now getting dirty."

"I have a question to ask," said Anne-Marie. "Why did the witches use brooms? Were they really magic brooms? Could you fly on such a broom?"

"As soon as I meet a witch I will ask her about that," I replied. With another glance at my watch. The bell rang just in time and the class left. Then suddenly Mr. Kellerman, our acting principal, came into the room.

"Just to tell you that I think it must have been a wonderful lesson. I watched from outside through the glass panel. What energy they had. What enthusiasm."

Next time, more about what happens in a classroom and in a school.

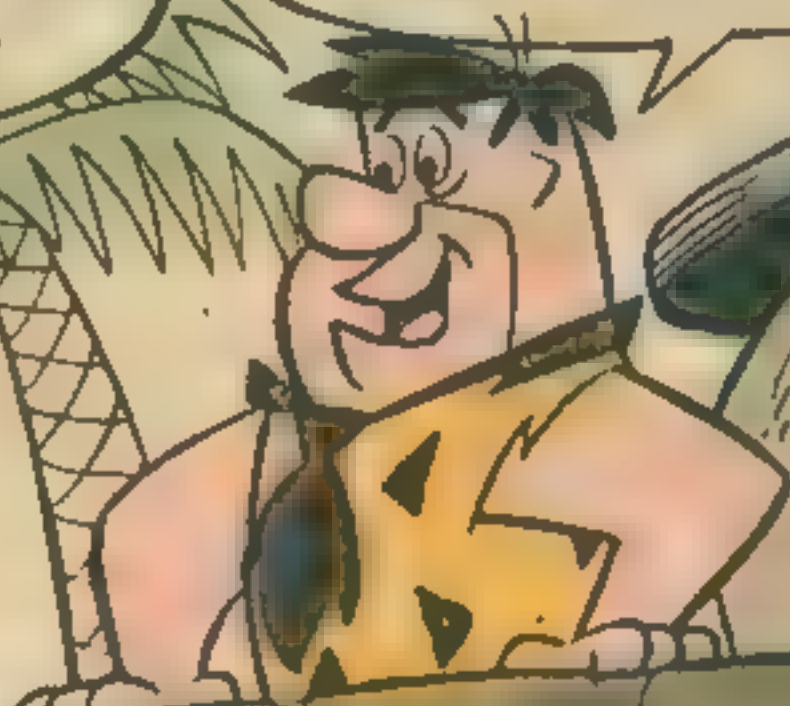


FLINTSTONES<sup>®</sup>

# SMART WALK<sup>®</sup>

HELLO, FLINTSTONE.  
I'M GOING ON MY DAILY  
SCIENTIFIC WALK STUDYING  
THE WONDERS OF MAN.

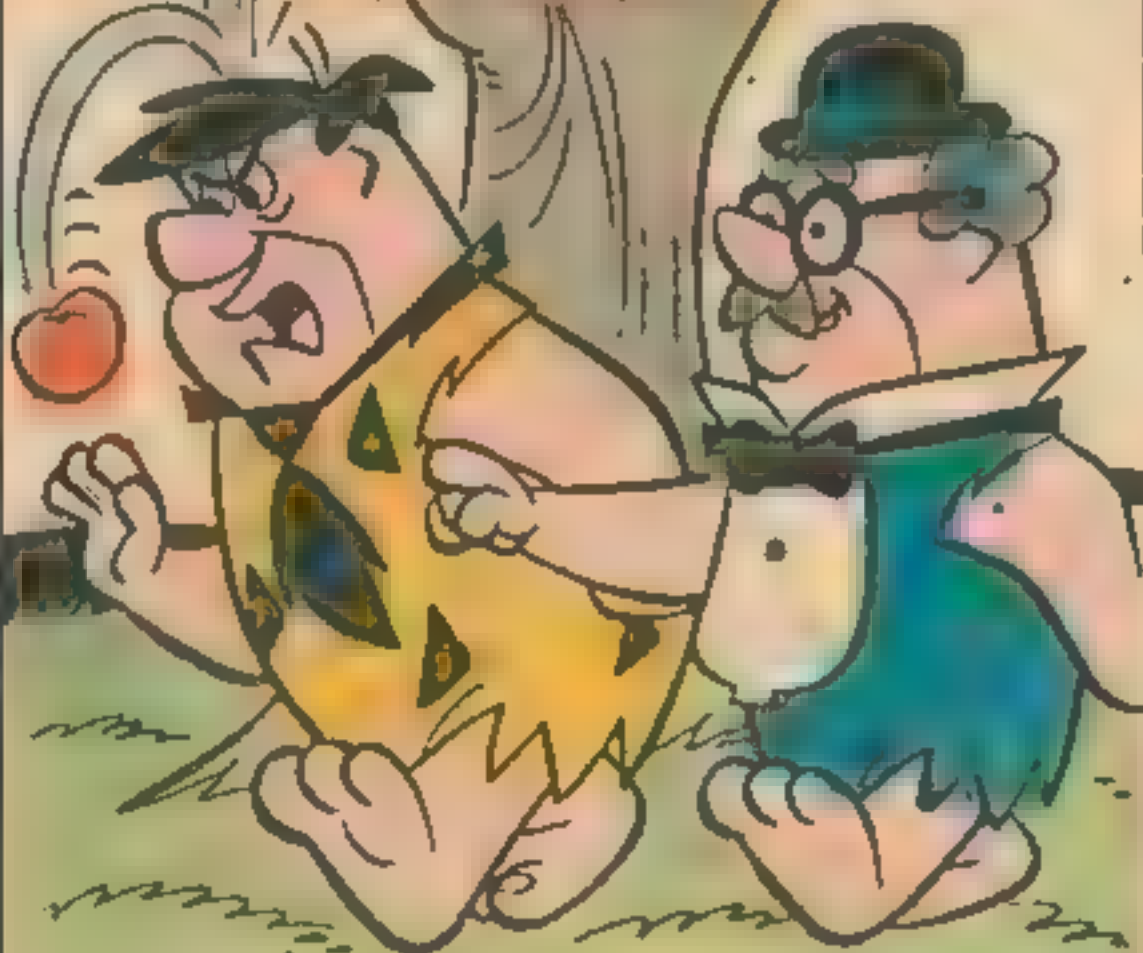
SOUNDS INTERESTING,  
PROFESSOR. I'LL WALK  
ALONG WITH YOU.



OUCH!  
STUPID  
APPLE!

TUT, TUT,  
FLINTSTONE.  
THAT'S GRAVITY!

CLUNK!



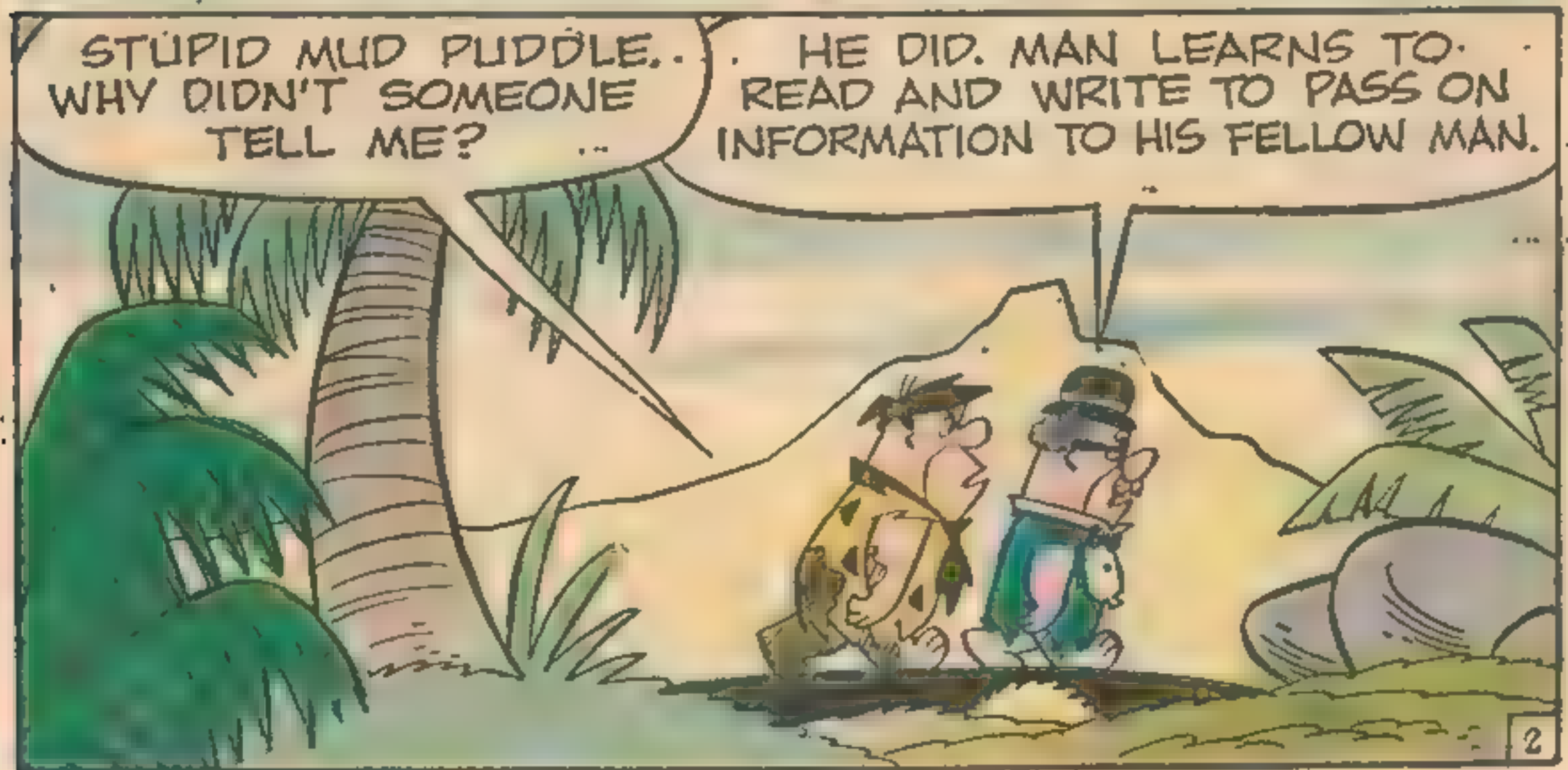
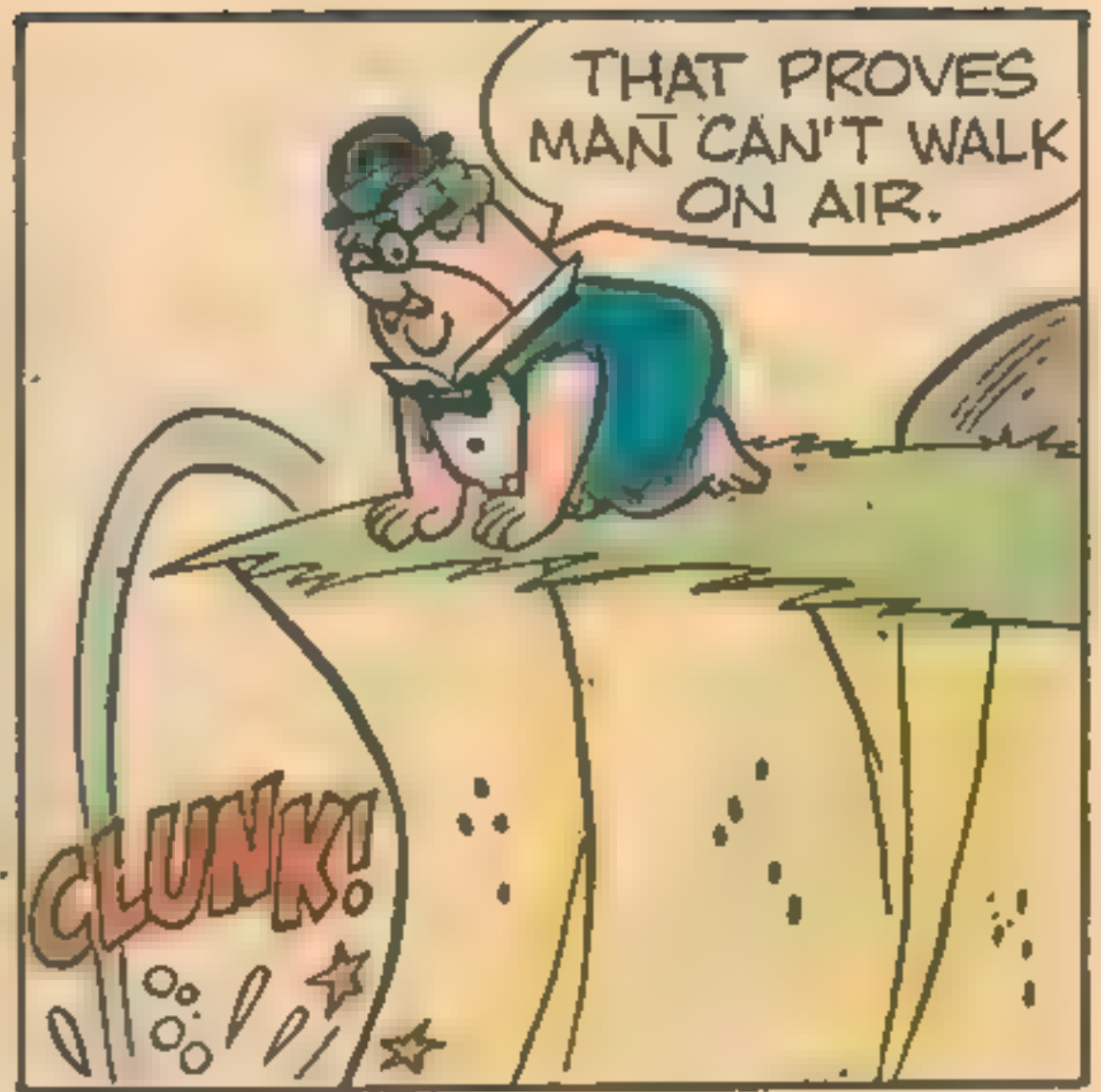
D-2811

...EVERYTHING FALLS  
DOWNWARD TOWARDS  
THE CENTER OF THE  
EARTH.



1











# The FLINTSTONES

# in EMERGENCY PACKAGE

MR. SLATE IS OPENING A  
NEW QUARRY ON THE OTHER  
SIDE OF ROCKDALE, CLOSE  
TO BOULDER CITY!

SINCE BARNEY AND I  
MIGHT BE TRANSFERRED  
WE'RE GOING OVER  
AND TAKE A LOOK!

GWEN  
KRAUSE  
RAY  
DIRGO



FRED, THAT'S A LONG  
WAY, PLEASE BE  
CAREFUL! WHEN  
WILL YOU BE HOME?

I DOUBT WE  
CAN MAKE IT  
BACK TONIGHT,  
WILMA, JUST  
EXPECT US WHEN  
YOU SEE US!

I HOPE WE DON'T HAVE  
ANY TROUBLE FINDING  
IT, FRED, I'VE NEVER  
BEEN TO ROCKDALE  
BEFORE!

JUST LEAVE  
EVERYTHING  
TO ME, BARNEY,  
I KNOW *JUST*  
WHERE I'M  
GOING!





